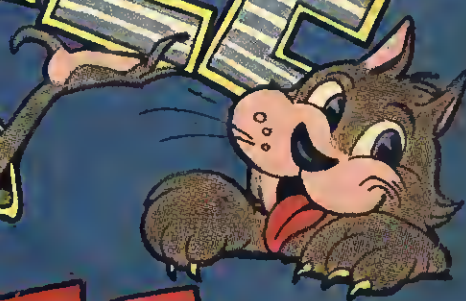


No 8

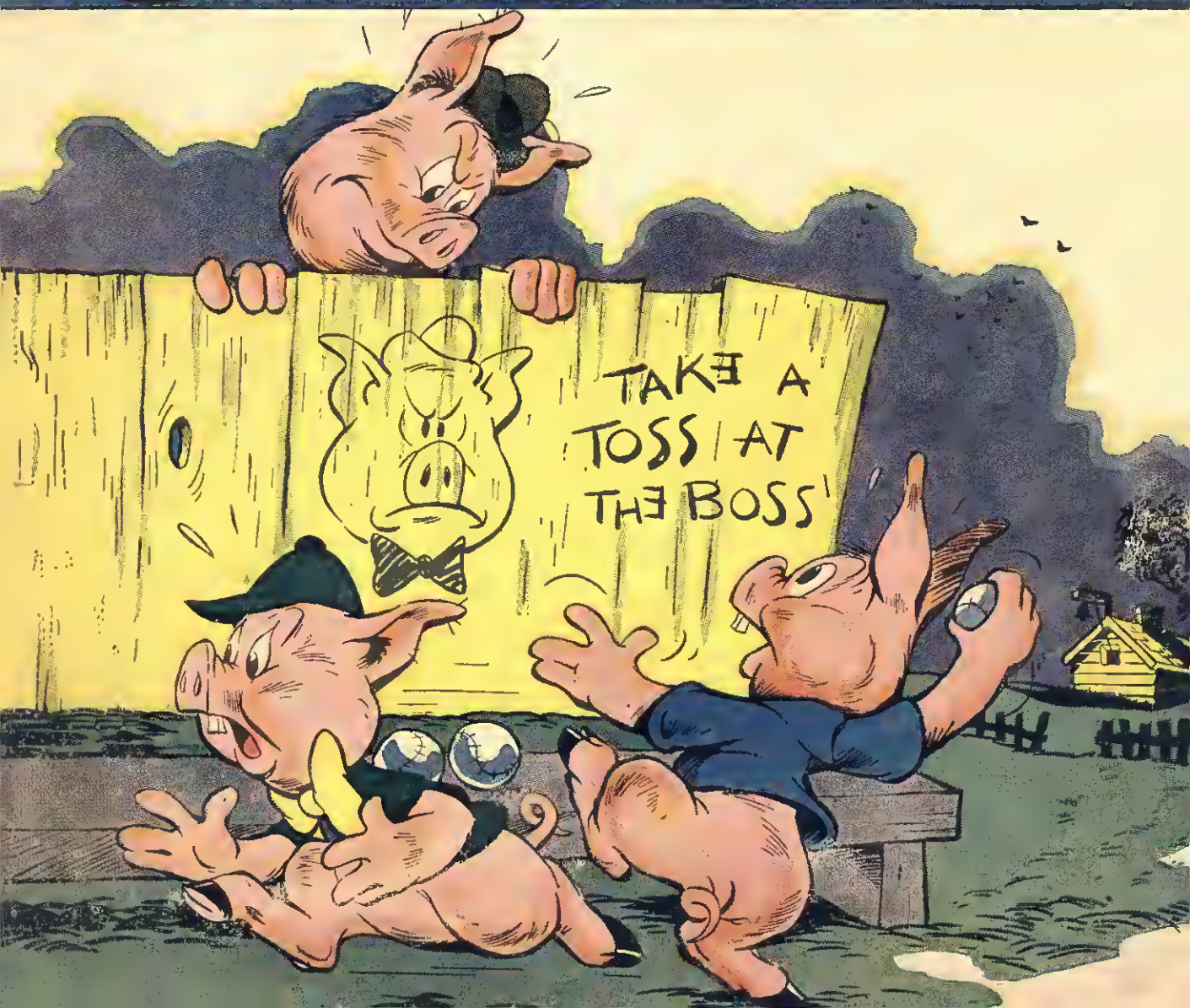
MAY

GIGGLE



10¢

COMICS





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

HA-HA! HO-HO!

MAKE WAY FOR **FUN!**



**...FOR THE
MERRIEST,
HOWLINGEST
UPROAR OF
LAUGHS YOU'VE
EVER HAD!**

★ **IT'S NEW..
SPARKLING..
OVERFLOWING
WITH GLEE
AND GAIETY
THAT'LL KEEP
YOU ROARING!**

Don't miss...

HA HA COMICS

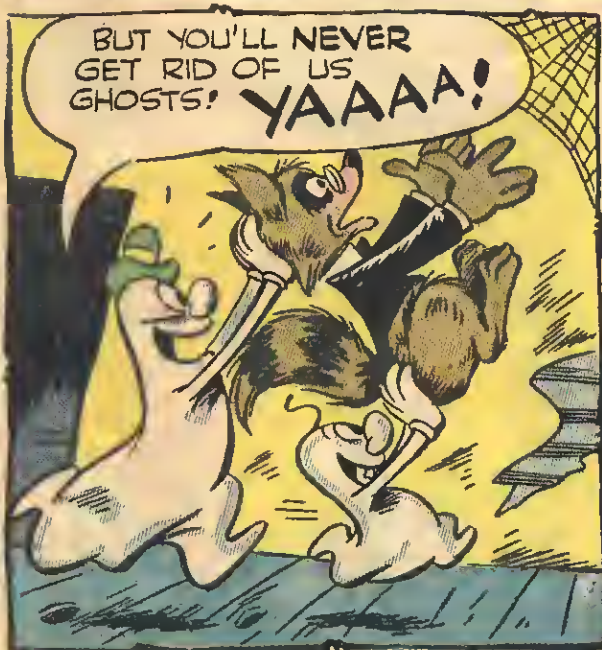
10¢

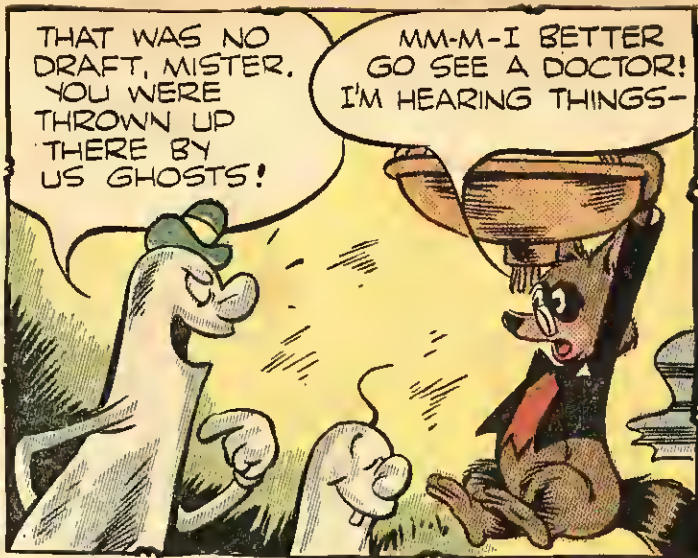
BUY WAR BONDS
AND STAMPS
FOR VICTORY!

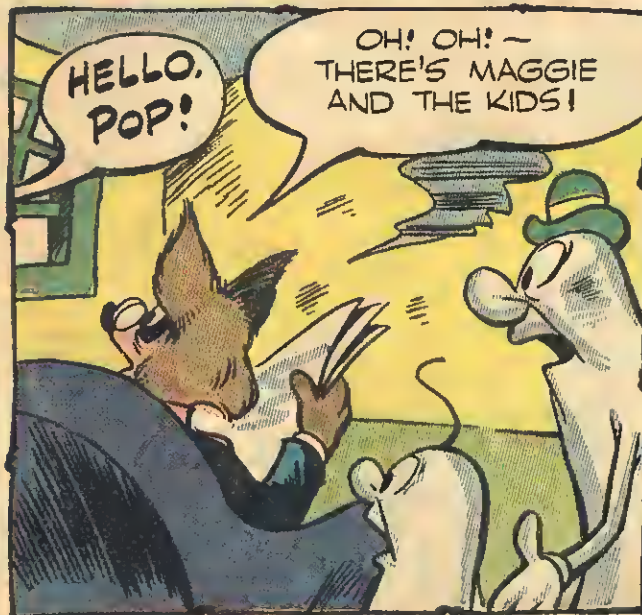
— ON ALL STANDS —

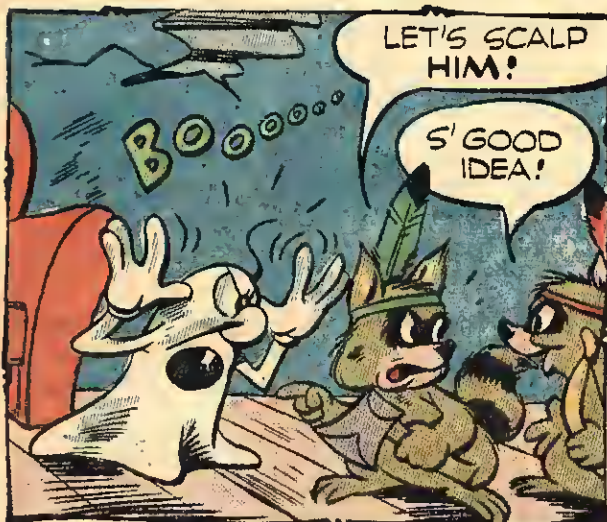
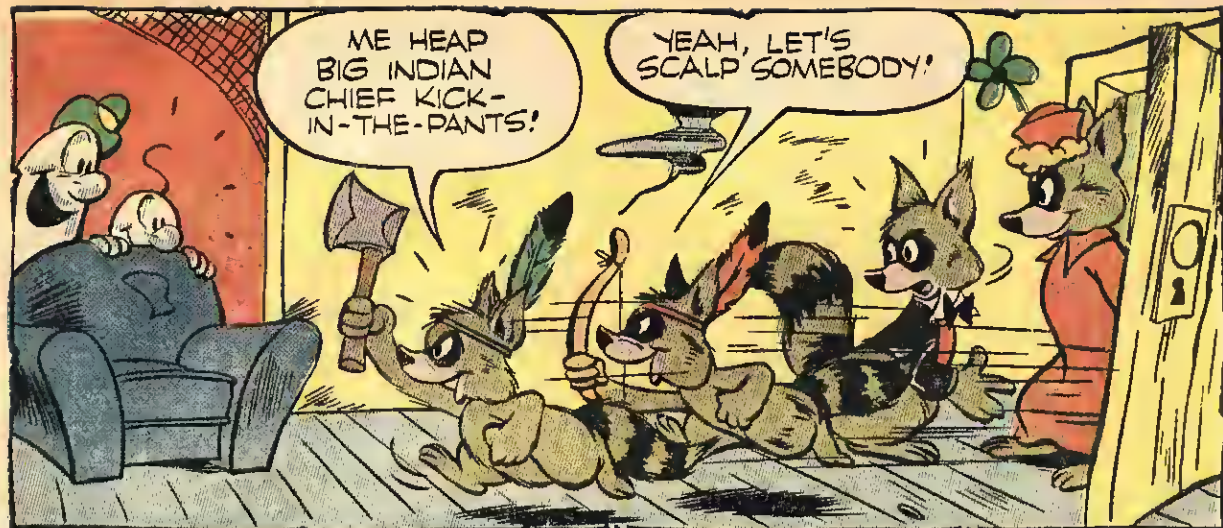
GIGGLE COMICS, published monthly and copyright, 1944, by Creston Publications Corporation, 420 DeSoto Avenue, St. Louis 7, Missouri. Editorial Offices, 45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Gerald Albert, Editor. Subscription (12 issues), \$1.20; single copies \$.10; foreign postage extra. Application for entry as second-class matter pending at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo. Vol. 1, No. 8, May, 1944. Printed in the U.S.A.

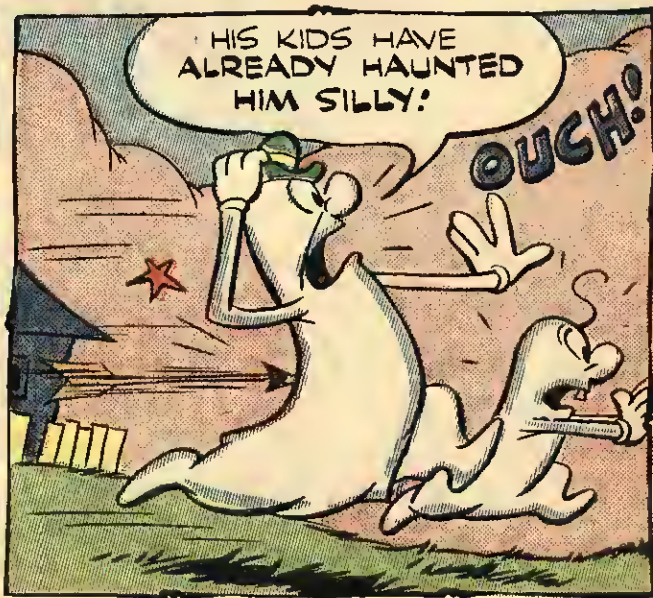
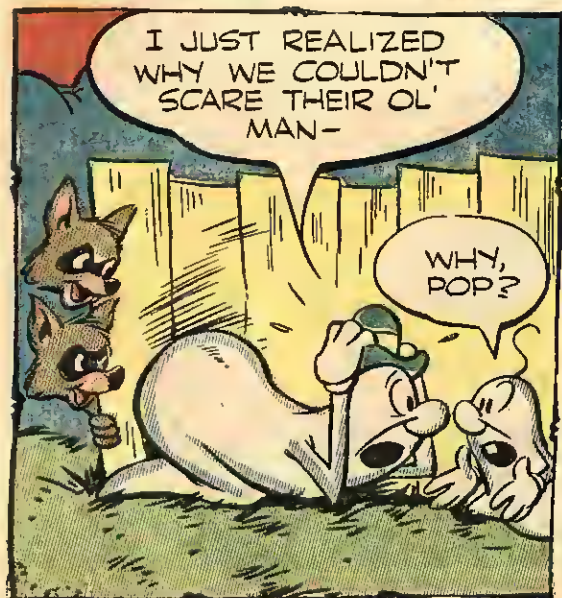
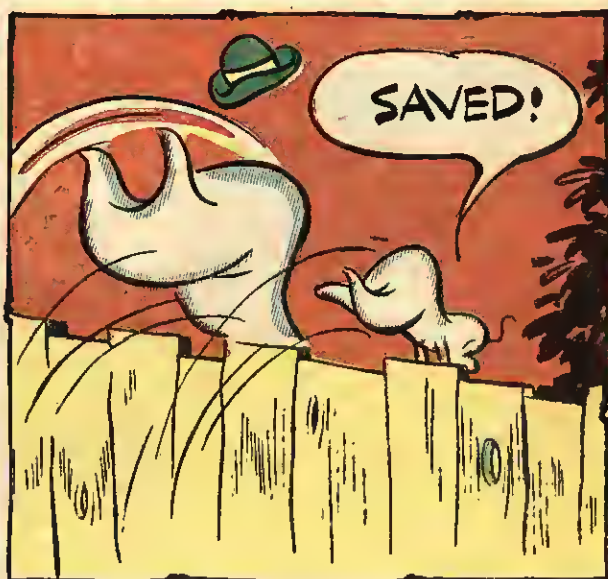
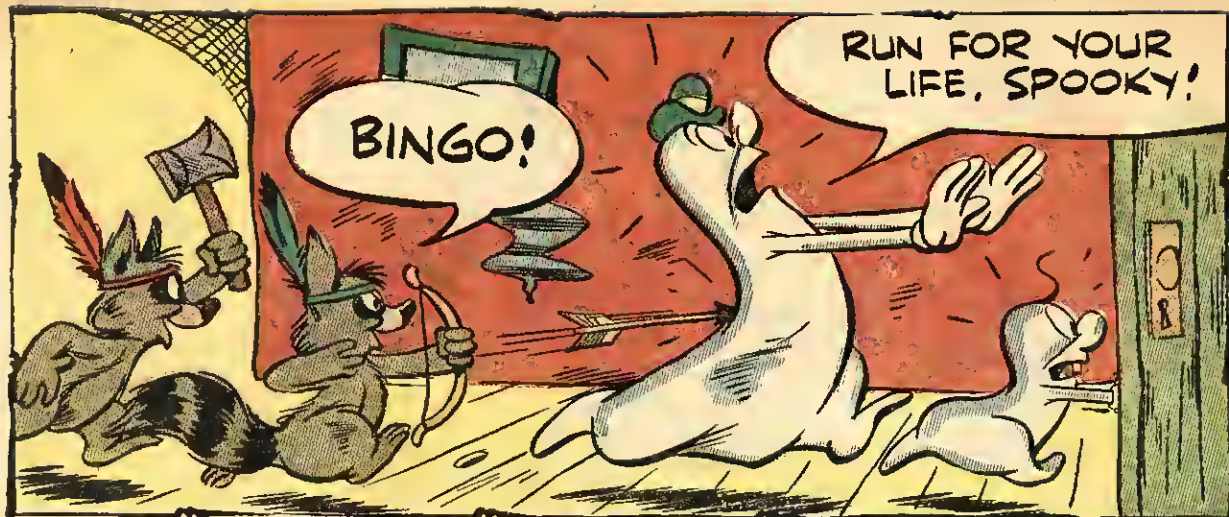








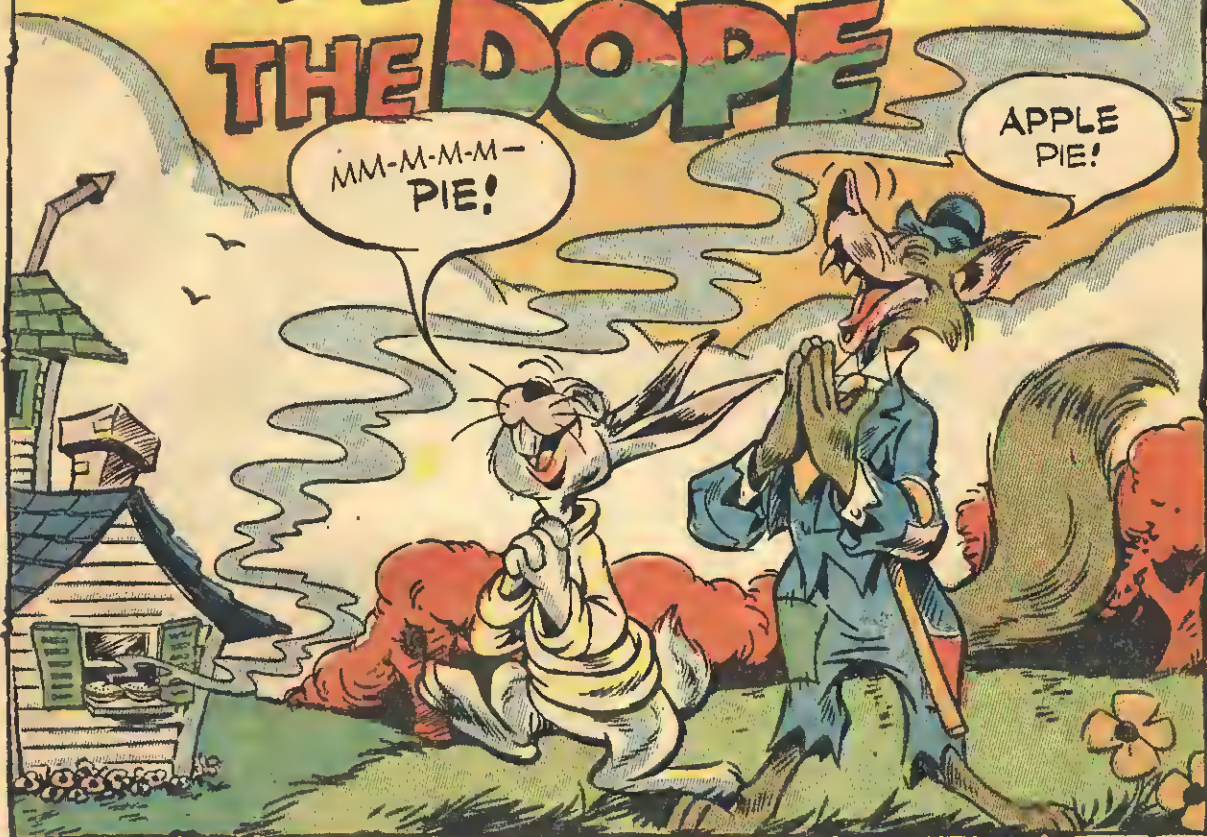




THE DUKE AND THE DOPE

MM-M-M-M-
PIE!

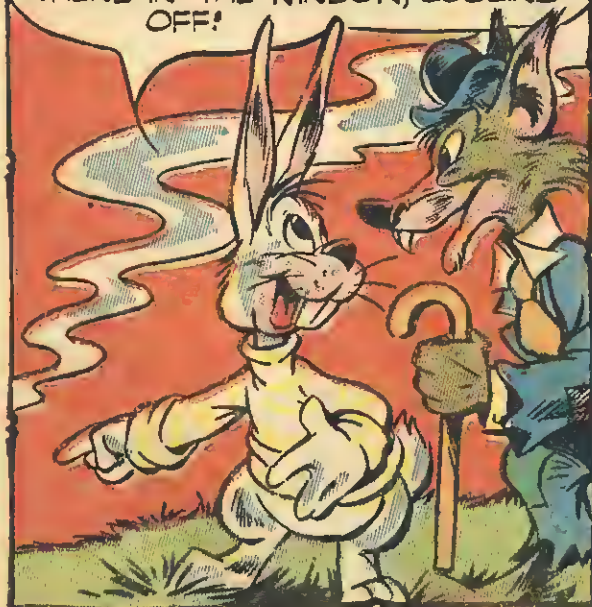
APPLE
PIE!



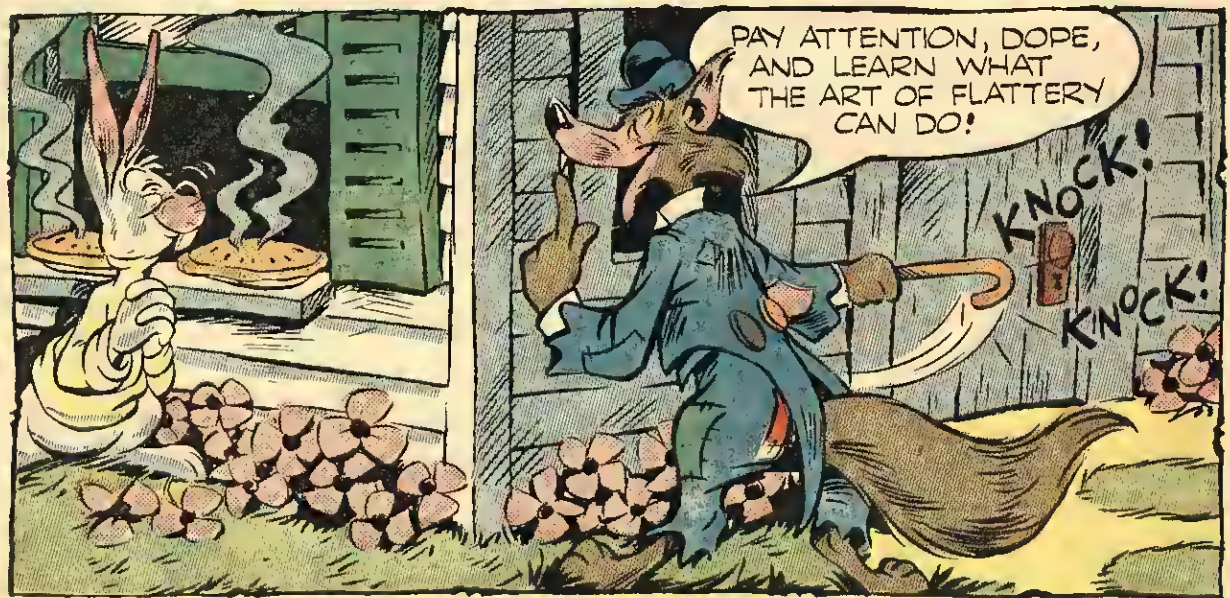
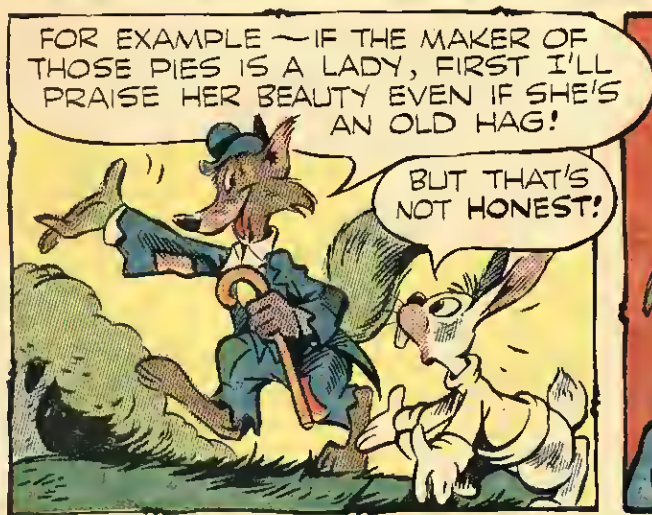
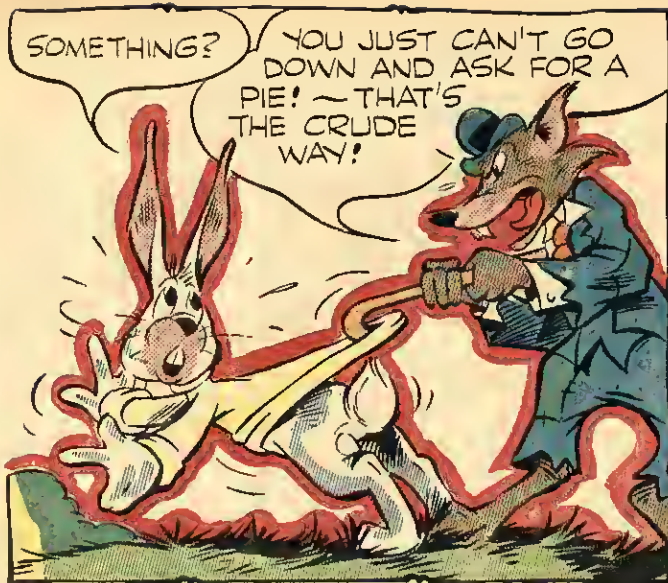
LOOK, DUKE! ~ THEY'RE DOWN
THERE IN THE WINDOW, COOLING
OFF!

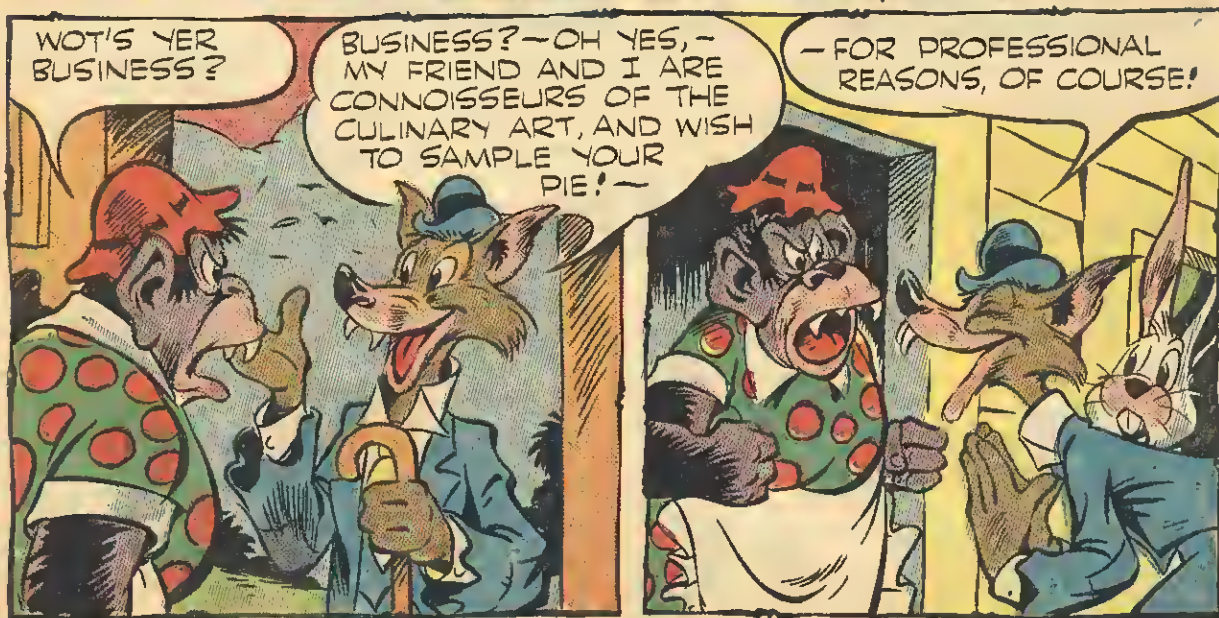
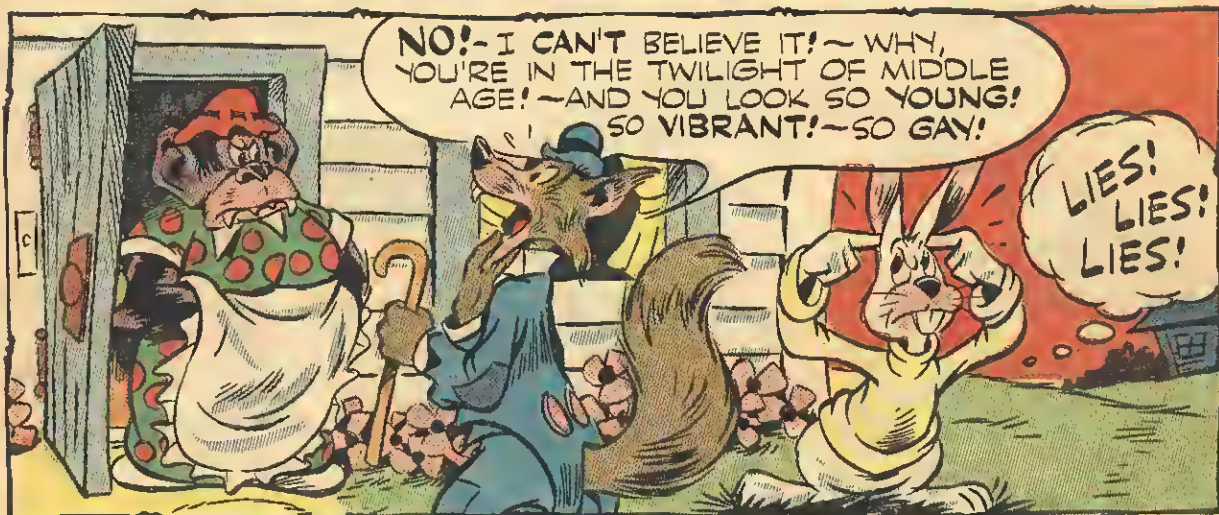
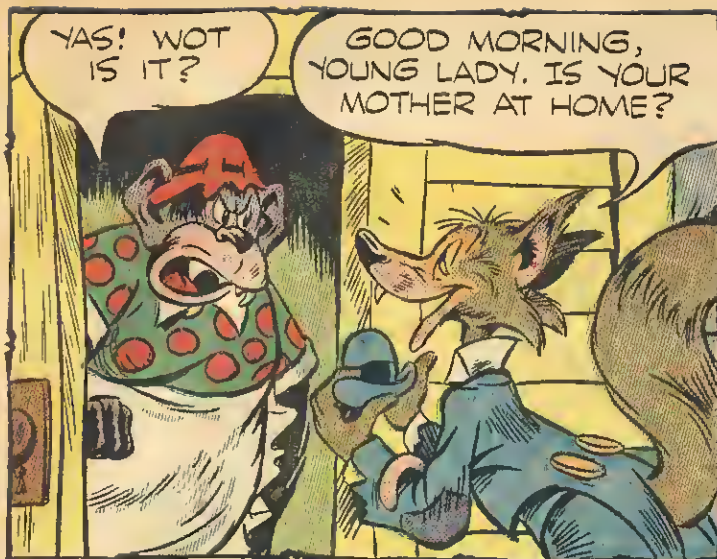
I'M GOIN' DOWN
AND ASK THE
LADY IF SHE'LL
GIMME ONE!

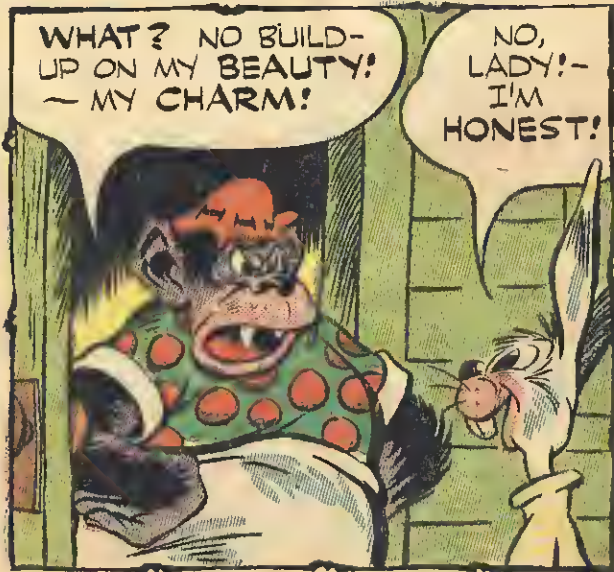
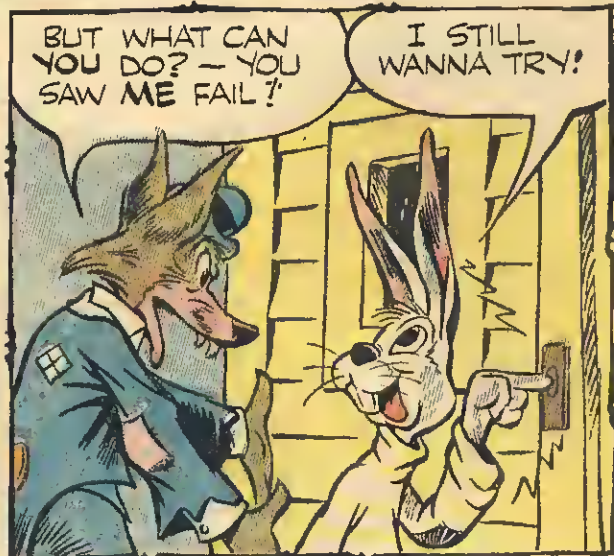
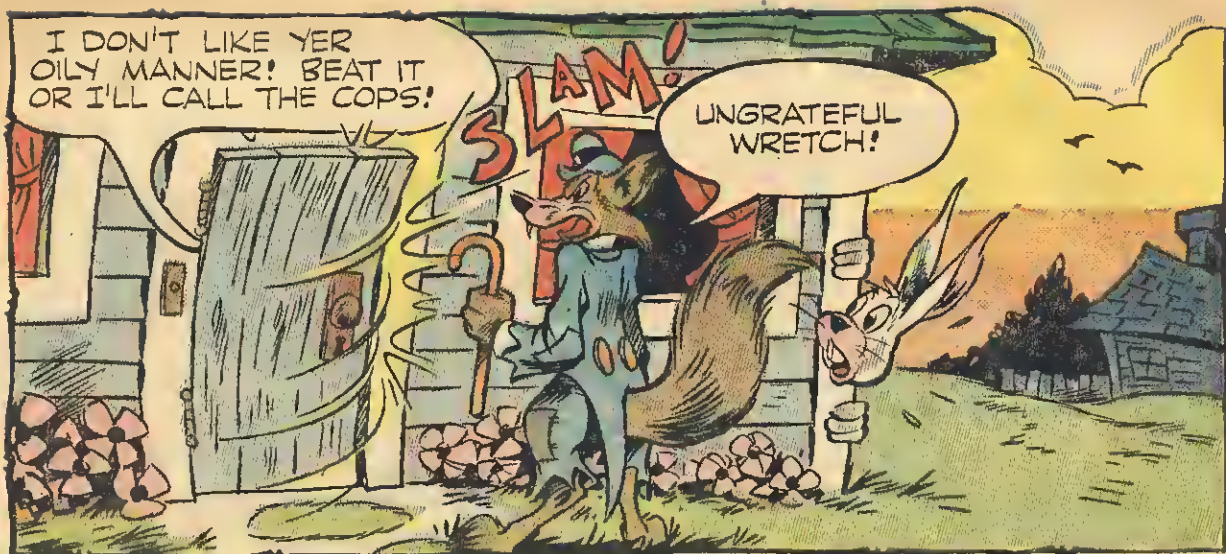
STOP!

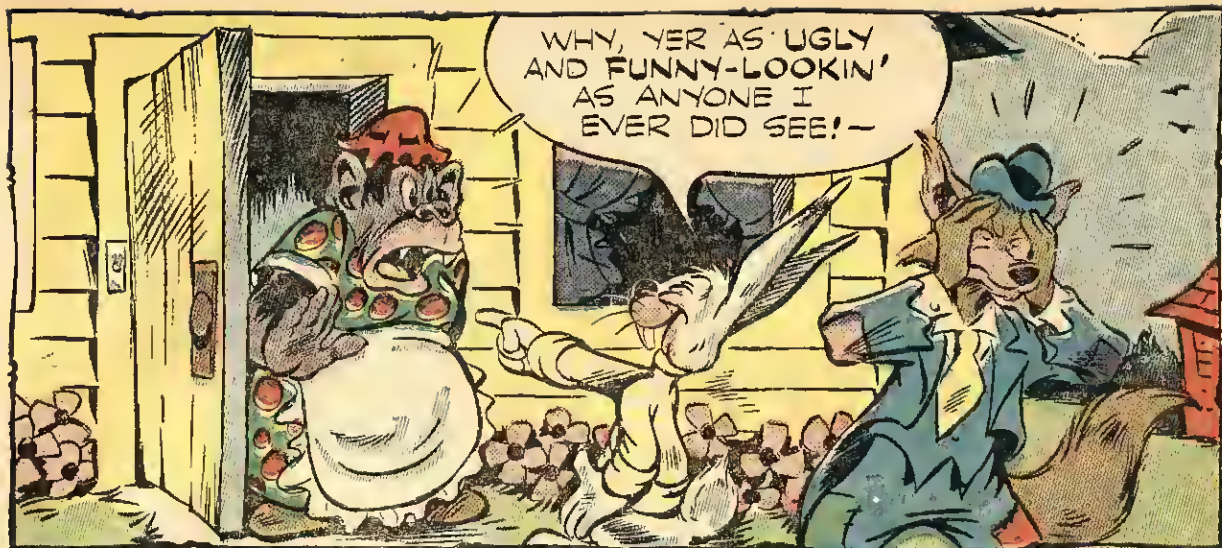


KEN HILGREN







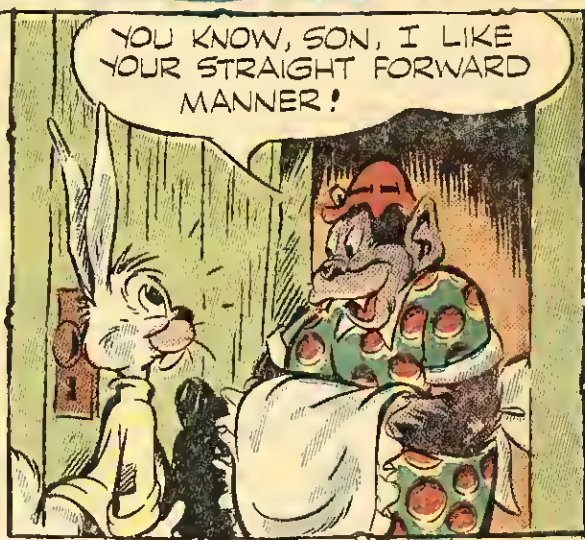


WHY, YER AS UGLY
AND FUNNY-LOOKIN'
AS ANYONE I
EVER DID SEE! -

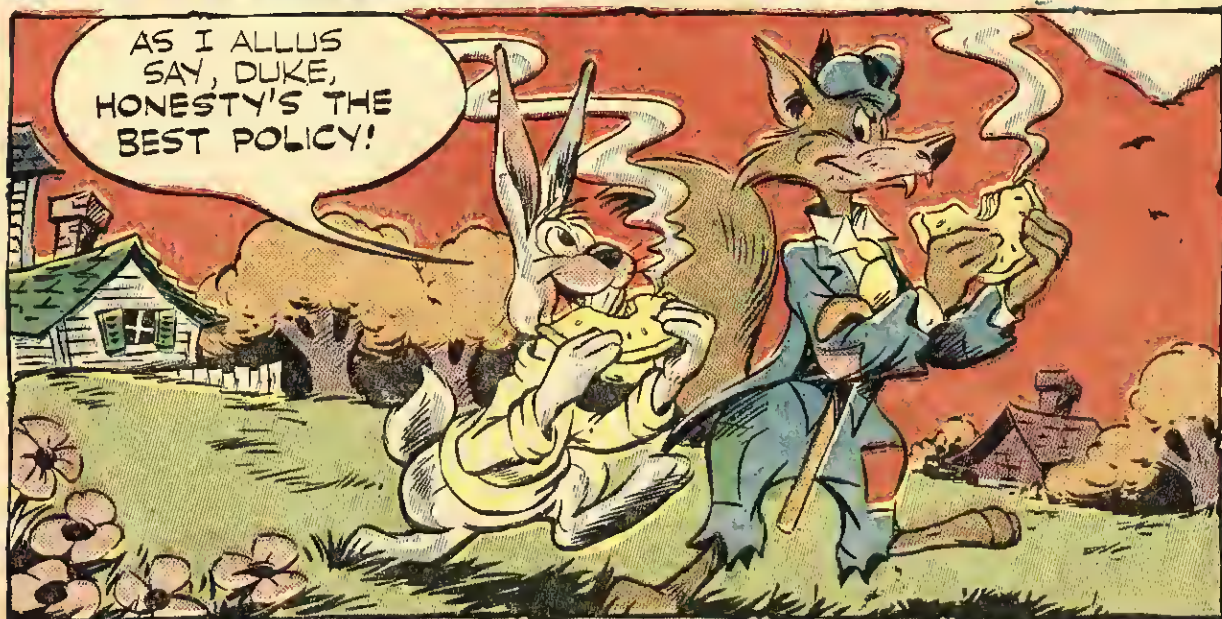


- BUT YUH DO BAKE
SWELL PIES!

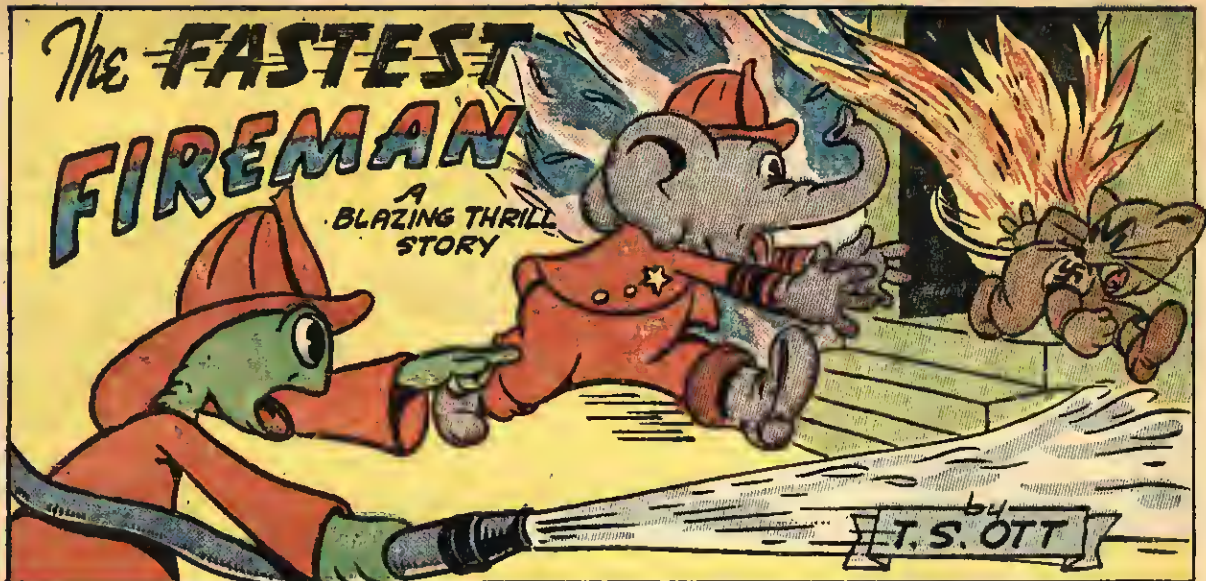
I DO
THAT!



YOU KNOW, SON, I LIKE
YOUR STRAIGHT FORWARD
MANNER!



AS I ALLUS
SAY, DUKE,
HONESTY'S THE
BEST POLICY!



WHEN Taddy Turtle tried to become a fireman, the whole town laughed. Slow, crawling Taddy—a fireman!

Fire Chief Eph Elephant was too polite to laugh, but he gently told Taddy it was impossible to grant his desire. A fireman has to be fast and spry, he explained. He has got to be able to get to the scene of a fire in a hurry, and he has to be able to get up a ladder swiftly when necessary, to rescue folks in danger.

"I tell you I'm *plenty* fast!" Taddy insisted, but Eph only continued shaking his head.

The very next night the sirens screamed through the streets as the town's Volunteer Firemen raced to the scene of a big blaze. But swift as they were, there was someone there ahead of them—*Taddy Turtle!* When they arrived upon the scene of the fire, the firemen found Taddy already climbing a ladder he had pulled up, and plunging in to fight the flames!

"I told you!" Taddy said, when the fire was doused. "I'm *plenty* fast!"

The same thing happened several times after that, and Chief Eph Elephant could never understand how he did it! No matter how quickly the Volunteer Firemen rushed, up, Taddy Turtle was there first!

Finally, Eph got an idea. The next night, he took a flashlight and stole out into the

darkness. Creeping up to Taddy's house, he lay in wait behind a clump of bushes. After a while, Taddy came out and started down the street. Eph followed!

All of a sudden Taddy stopped. Bending down close to the wooden house before which he was standing, he lit a match. Big Eph made a leap and grabbed him!

"I thought so!" he snapped. "An arsonist! You set the fires yourself! No wonder you were always the first one to arrive on the scene!"

Taddy wrenched himself free. "Don't be dumb!" he answered angrily. "I didn't set the fires! It's a Ratzi saboteur! I just trailed him here to his hole! *There he goes now—get him!*"

A small, dark shape raced out of the hole and across the street to an open field. Lumbering Eph took after him, with long, heavy strides that were much faster than they looked, for they covered a lot of ground. In a moment he had overtaken the fleeing figure, seizing him with a mighty grip.

Taddy was right! It was a Ratzi saboteur!

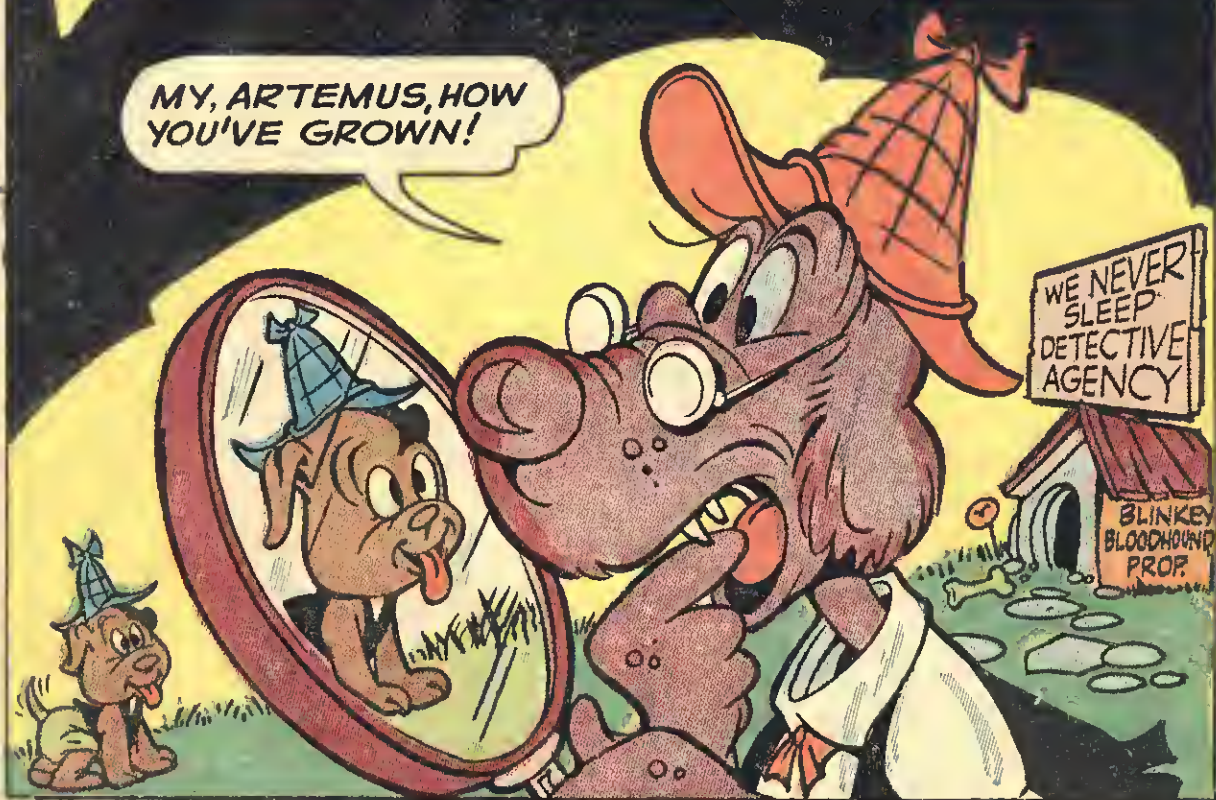
When he had turned his prisoner over to the police, Eph apologized to Taddy. "You were smarter than all of us!" Eph admitted. "And you were as fast as you needed to be! From now on—you're a full-fledged Volunteer Fireman!"

BLINKEY

BLOODHOUND

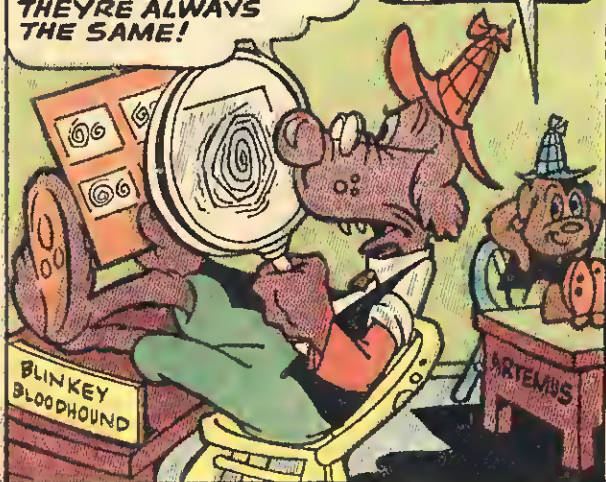
and ARTEMUS

MY, ARTEMUS, HOW YOU'VE GROWN!



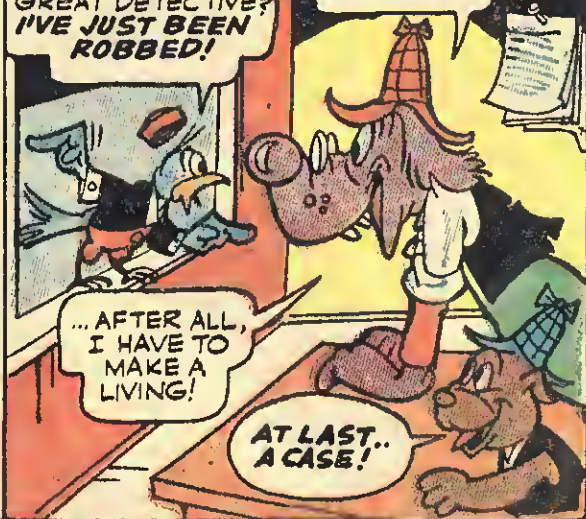
HO-HUM, I WISH WE'D GET A CASE! I'M GETTING TIRED LOOKING AT MY OWN FINGERPRINTS! THEY'RE ALWAYS THE SAME!

SO'S THE BACK OF YOUR HEAD! VERY BORING!



ARE YOU BLINKEY BLOODHOUND, THE GREAT DETECTIVE? I'VE JUST BEEN ROBBED!

AH, THAT'S FI...ER... THAT IS....



... AFTER ALL, I HAVE TO MAKE A LIVING!

AT LAST.. A CASE!

**A WHOLE NEST-FULL OF EGGS
WAS STOLEN LAST NIGHT!**

FRIED, SOFT BOILED
OR SCRAMBLEDZ

QUIET, ARTEMUS!
I'LL DO THE
QUESTIONING!
FIRST WE'LL
VISIT THE SCENE
OF THE
CRIME!

THIS SHOULD TEACH
YOU NOT TO PUT
ALL YOUR EGGS
IN ONE
BASKET!

IT WASN'T A BASKET,
IT WAS A NEST! AND
I CAN'T AFFORD
MORE THAN ONE
NEST! RENTS ARE
HIGH IN THESE
PARTS!

I'M
JUST
PRACTICING!

THIS IS THE SPOT
WHERE THE EGGS
WERE!

I GET IT! EGGS
MARK THE SPOT!

WHAT A STUPID PLACE
TO PUT EGGS, ALL
THE WAY UP THERE!
ALL RIGHT, ARTEMUS
GET ME A LADDER!

I'M GETTING SO
GOOD I CAN DO
THIS JOB WITH
MY EYES CLOSED!

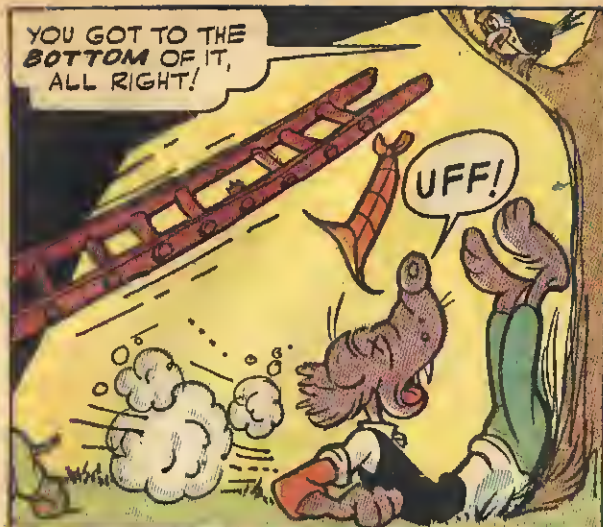
OOF!

YOU CLUMSY IDIOT!
I'LL TEACH YOU TO
SMACK ME WITH
A LADDER!

YOU DON'T HAVE
TO TEACH ME! I'M
DOING ALL RIGHT
ON MY OWN!

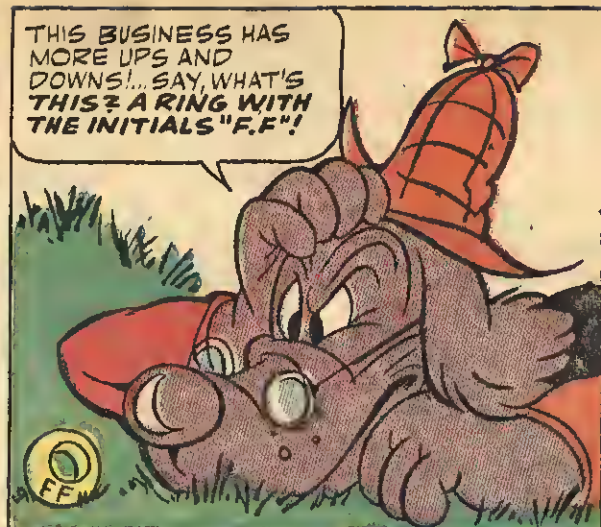
DON'T WORRY, MY FRIEND!
AS SOON AS MY ASSIST-
ANT FETCHES ME
SOME FINGERPRINT
POWDER, I'LL GET
TO THE BOTTOM
OF THIS!

HHEY, ARTEMUS, YOUR COAT'S CAUGHT!

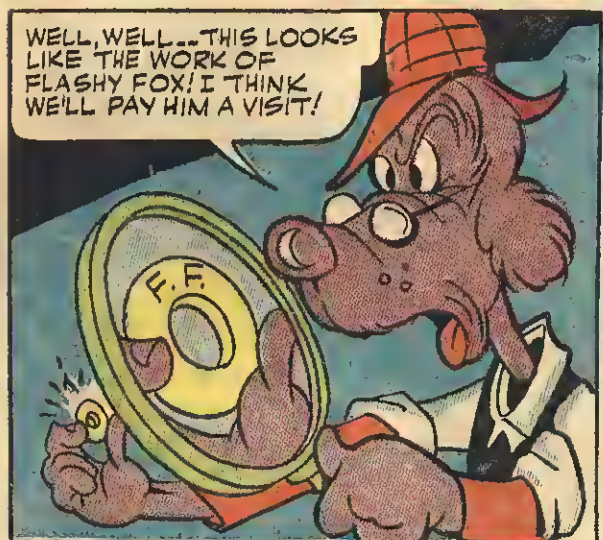


YOU GOT TO THE
BOTTOM OF IT,
ALL RIGHT!

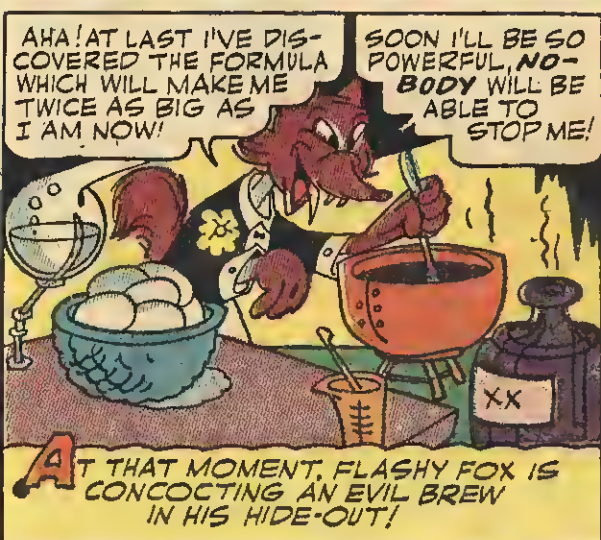
UFF!



THIS BUSINESS HAS
MORE UPS AND
DOWNS!... SAY, WHAT'S
THIS? A RING WITH
THE INITIALS "F.F."!



WELL, WELL... THIS LOOKS
LIKE THE WORK OF
FLASHY FOX! I THINK
WE'LL PAY HIM A VISIT!



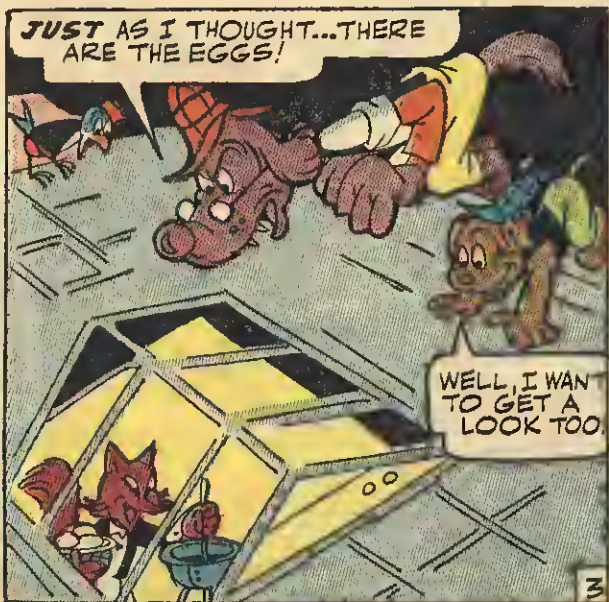
AHA! AT LAST I'VE DIS-
COVERED THE FORMULA
WHICH WILL MAKE ME
TWICE AS BIG AS
I AM NOW!

SOON I'LL BE SO
POWERFUL, NO-
BODY WILL BE
ABLE TO
STOP ME!

AT THAT MOMENT, FLASHY FOX IS
CONCOCTING AN EVIL BREW
IN HIS HIDE-OUT!

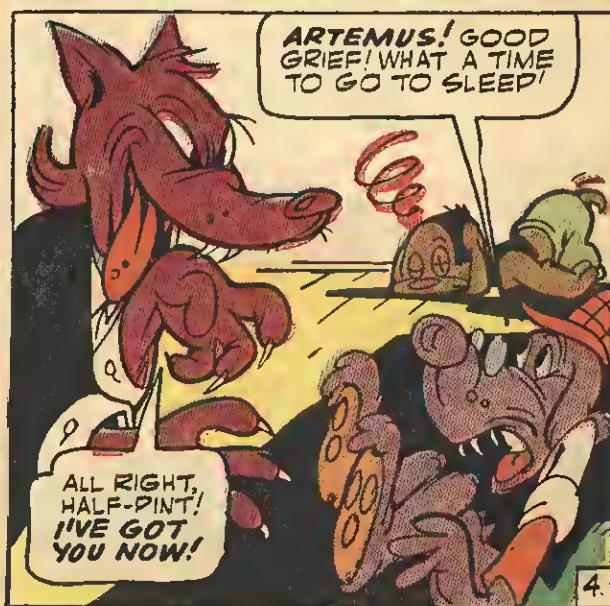
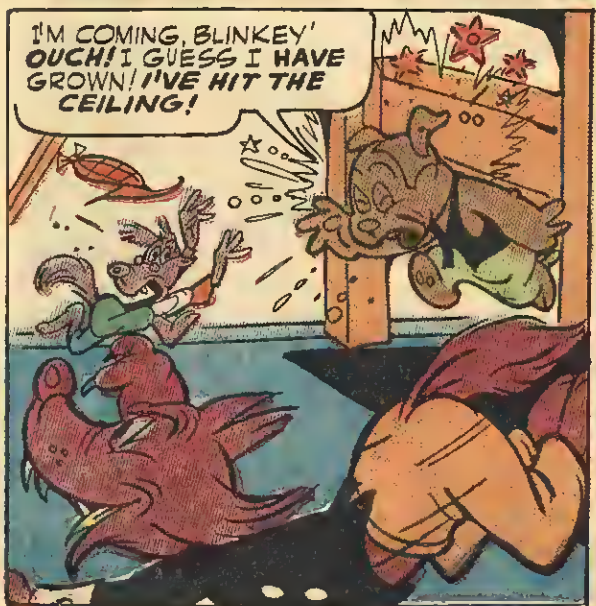
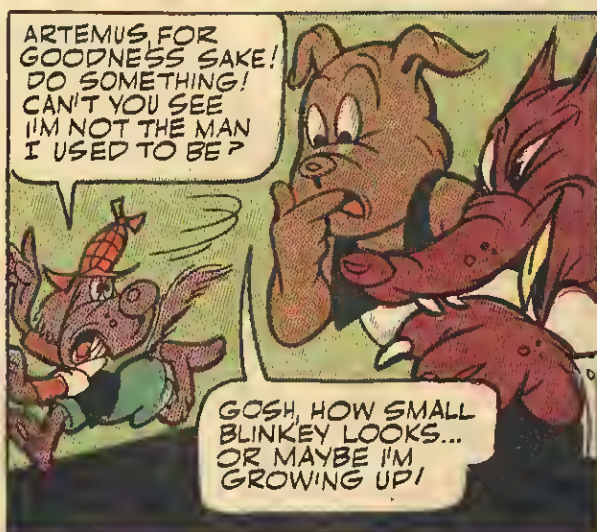
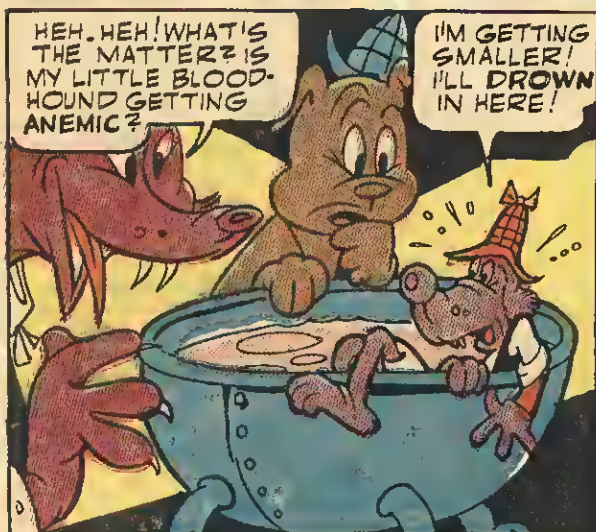
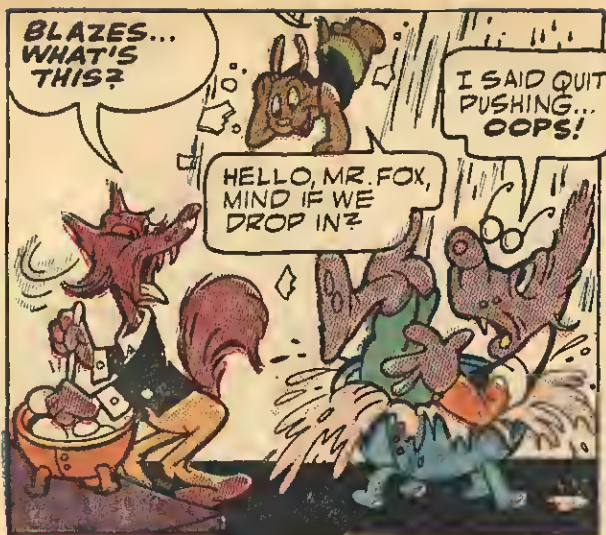


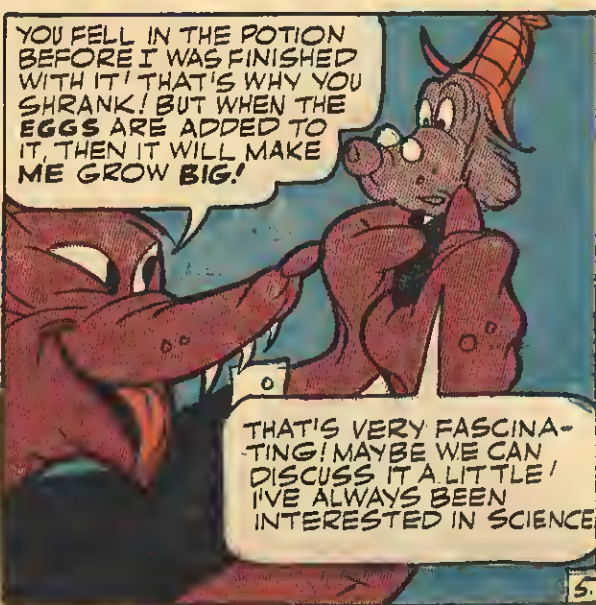
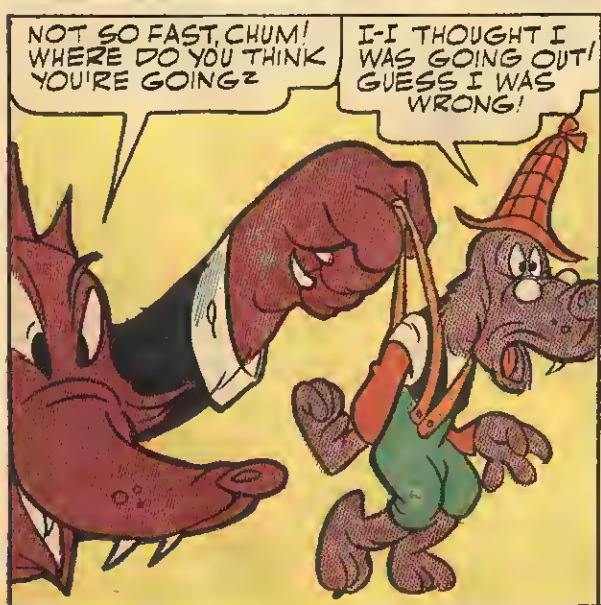
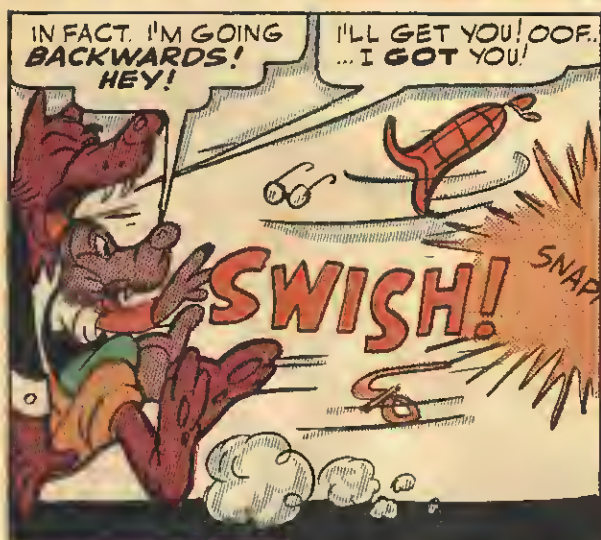
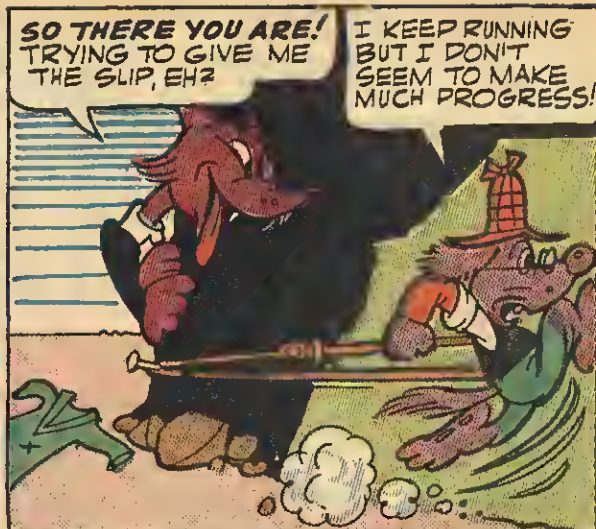
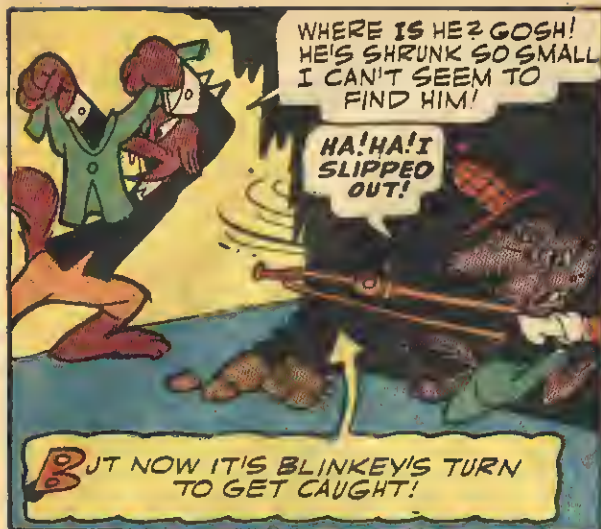
RIGHT NOW THE POTION MAKES
PEOPLE SHRINK! BUT AS SOON
AS I PUT IN THESE EGGS...
HEH...HEH...HEH!

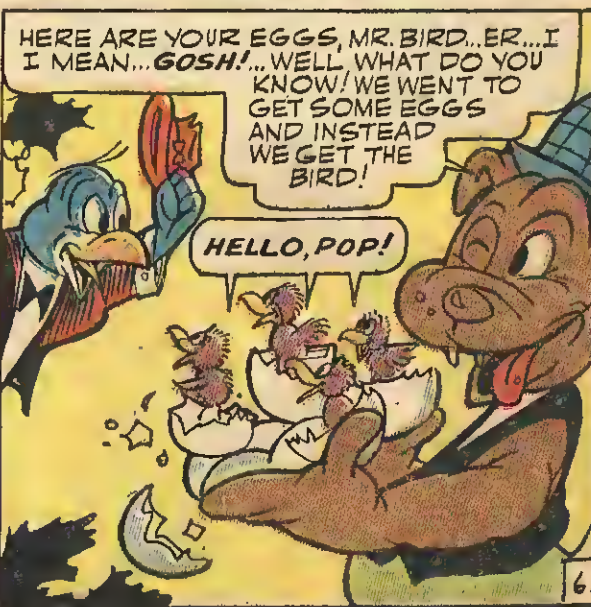
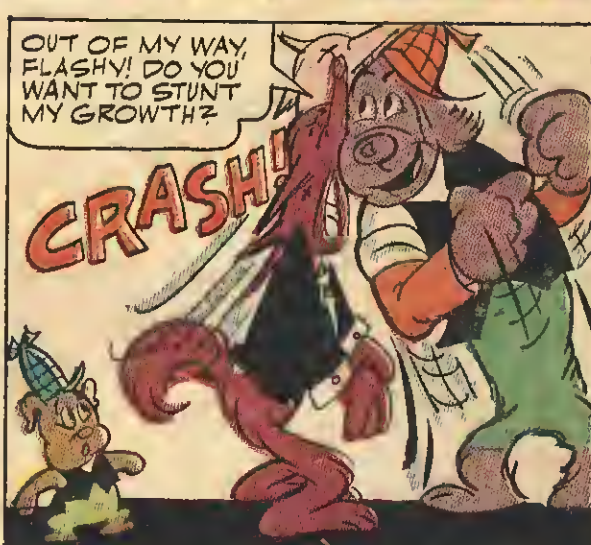
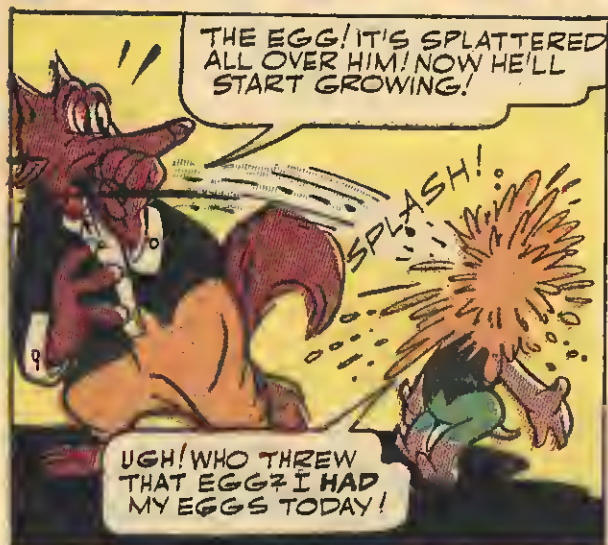


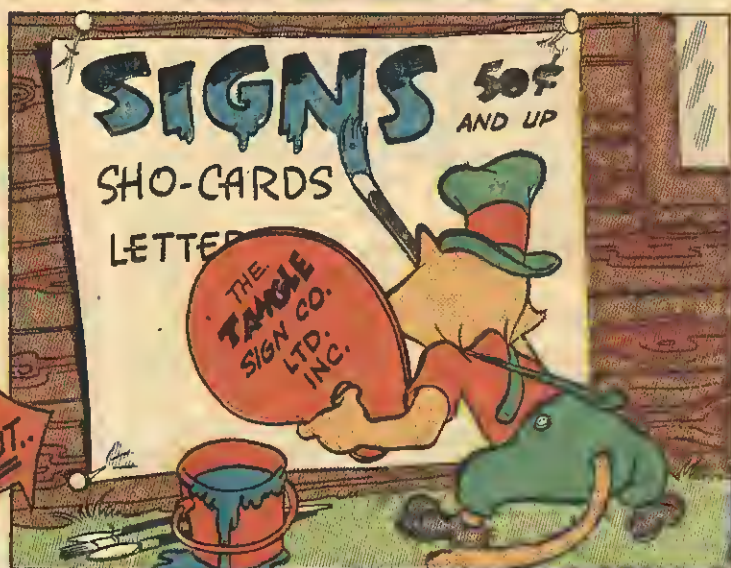
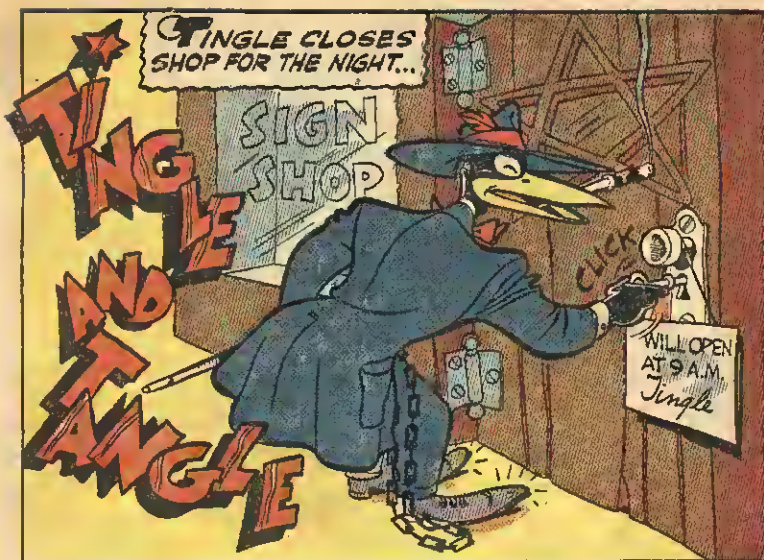
JUST AS I THOUGHT... THERE
ARE THE EGGS!

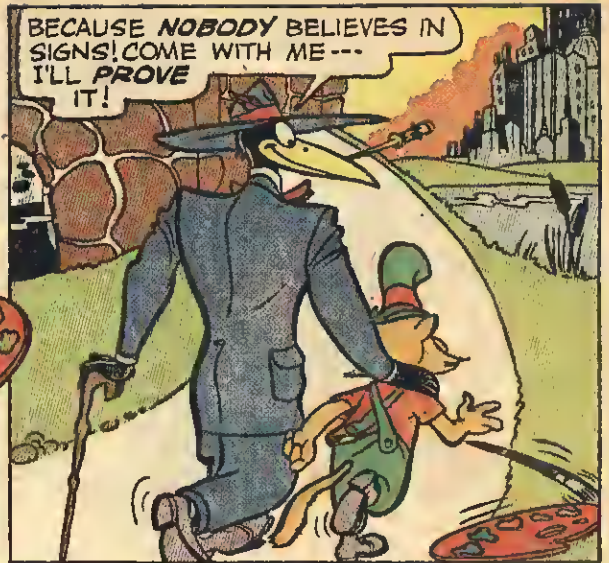
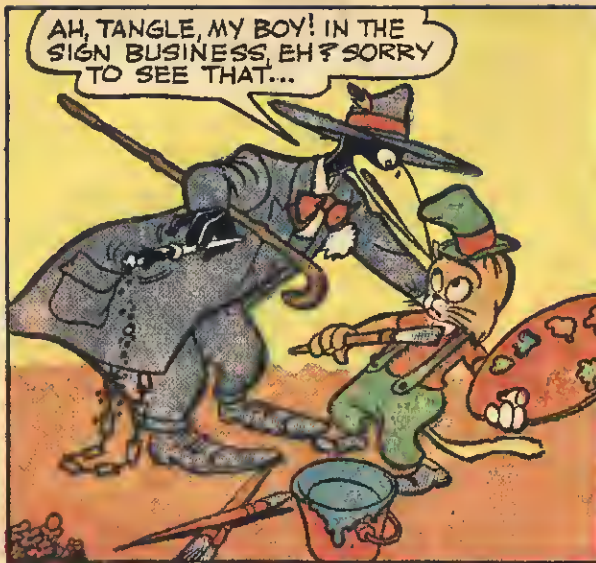
WELL, I WANT
TO GET A
LOOK TOO

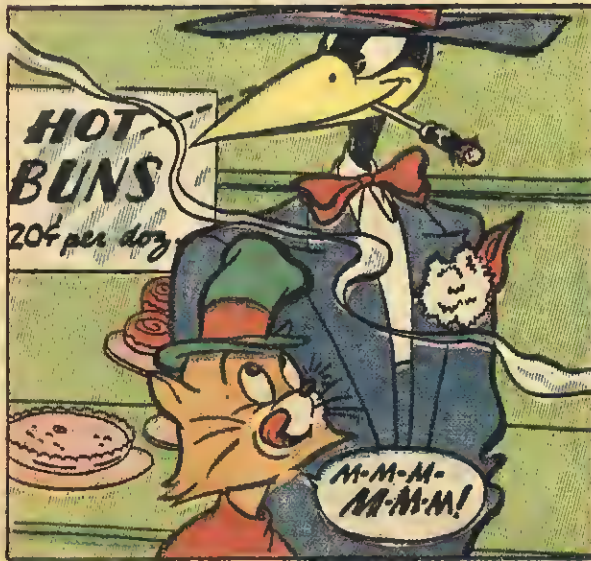
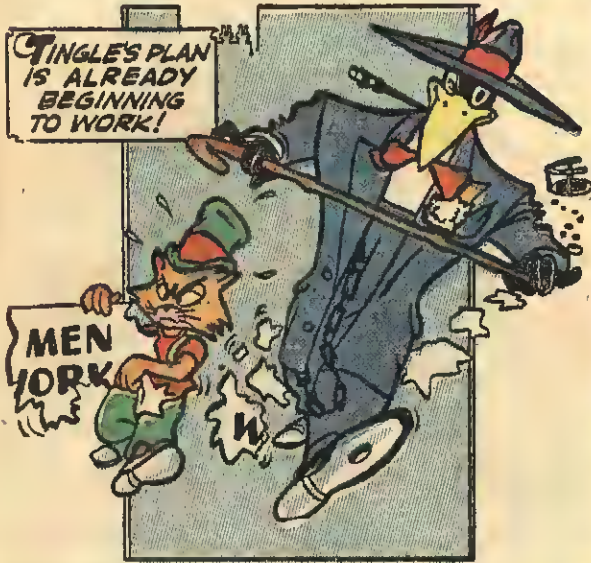
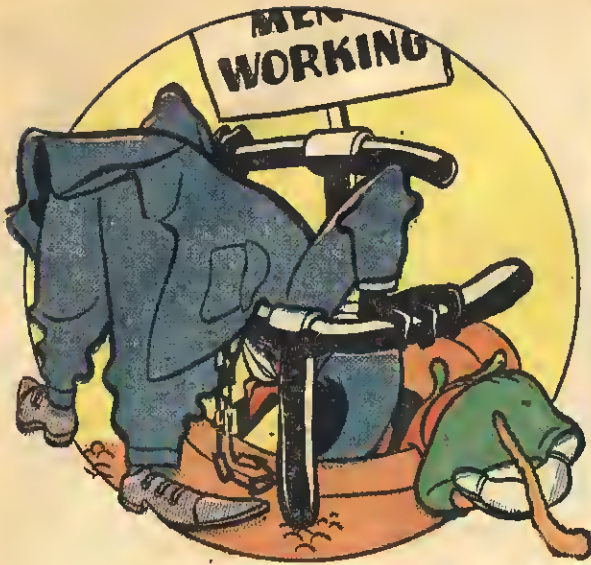


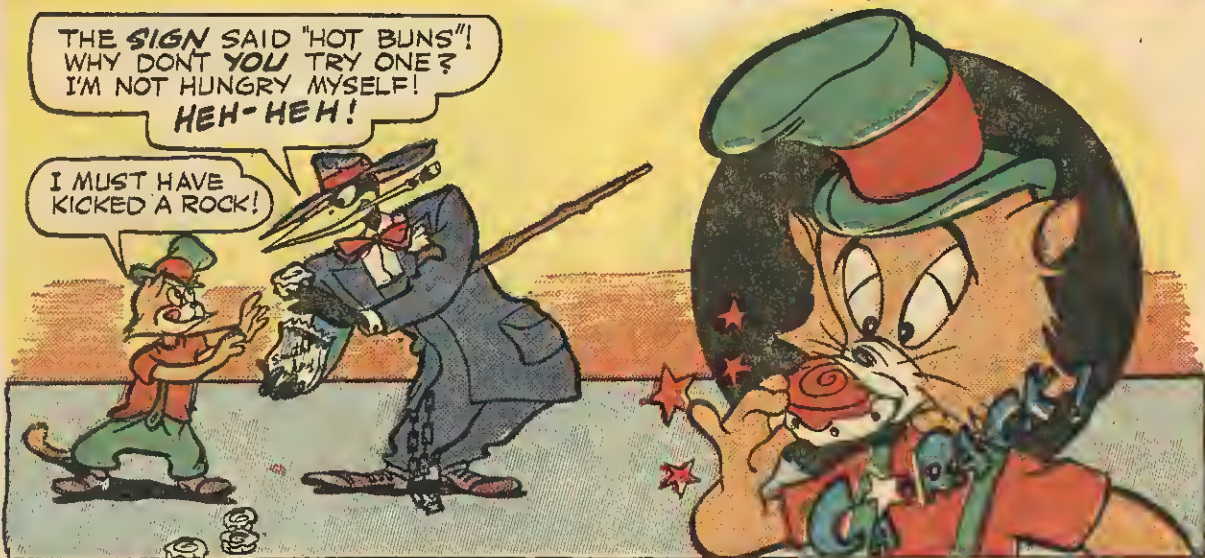
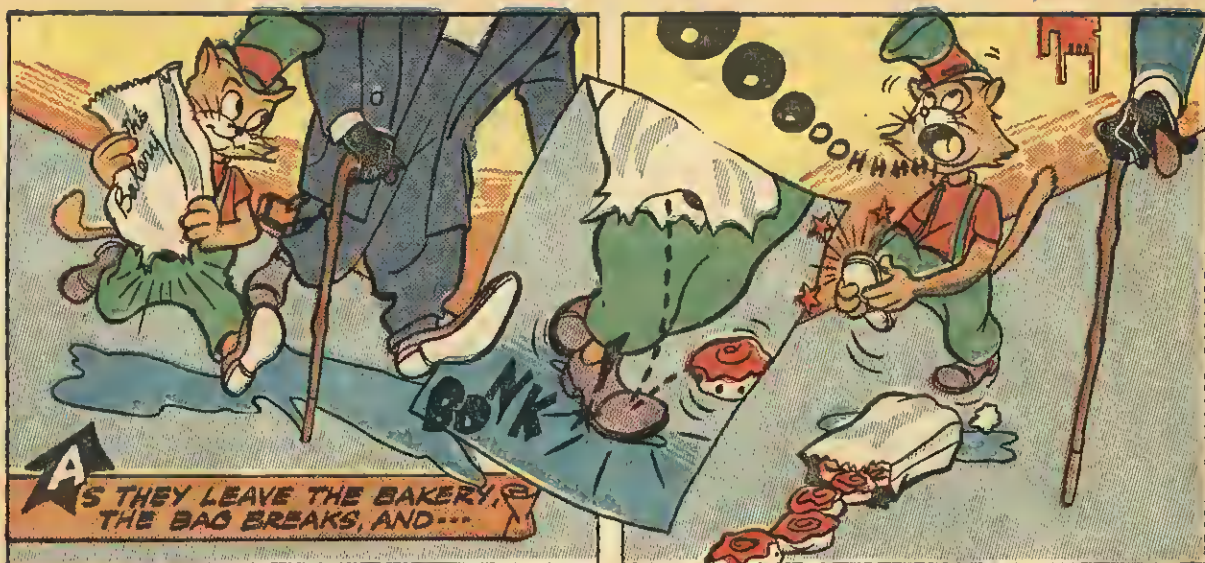


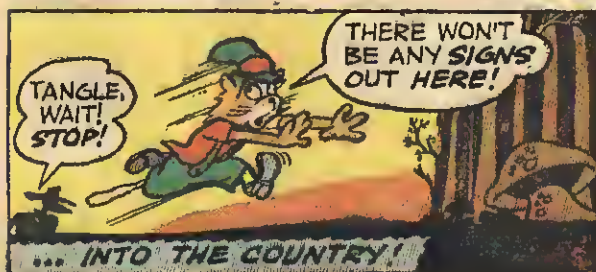
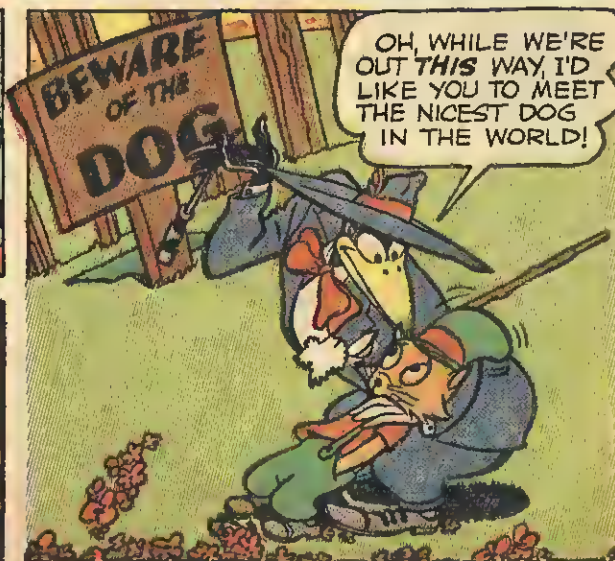
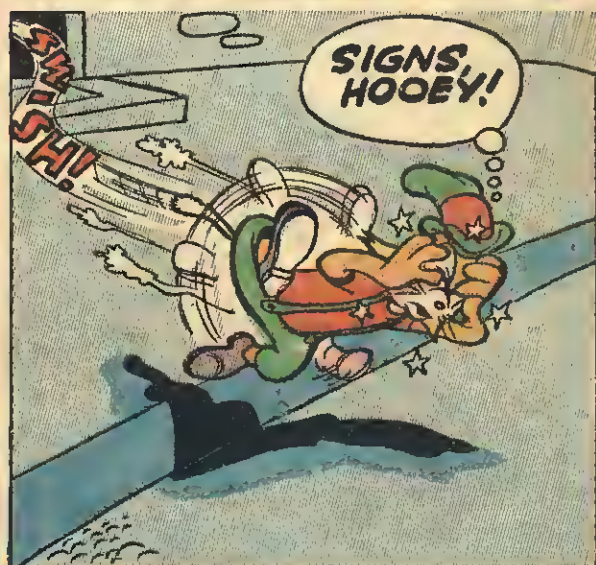
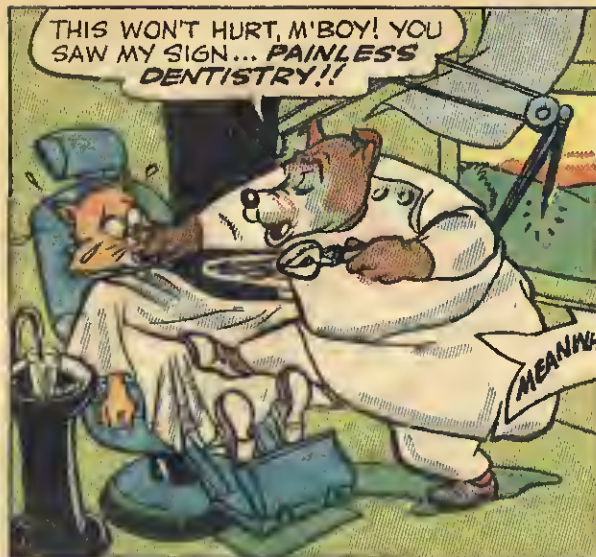


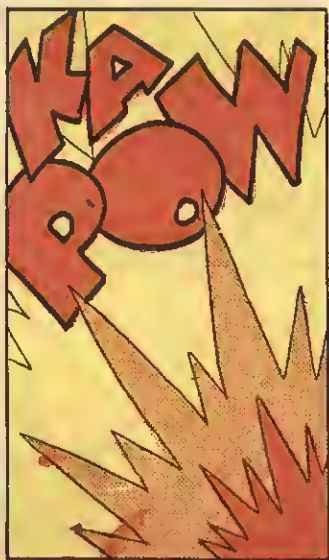
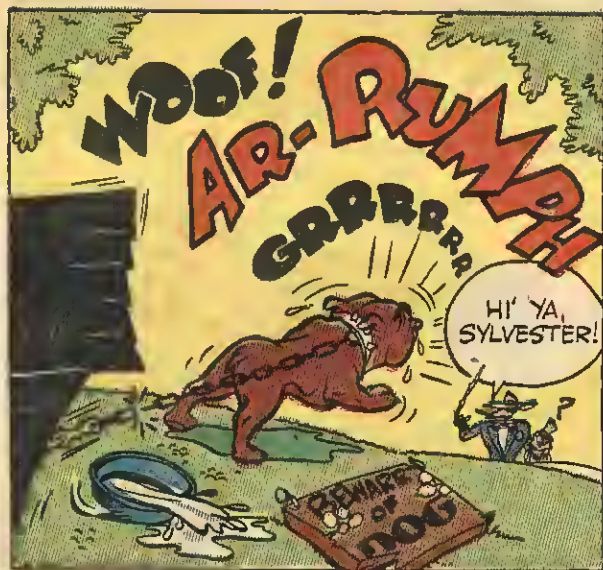












DOPEY DOGG

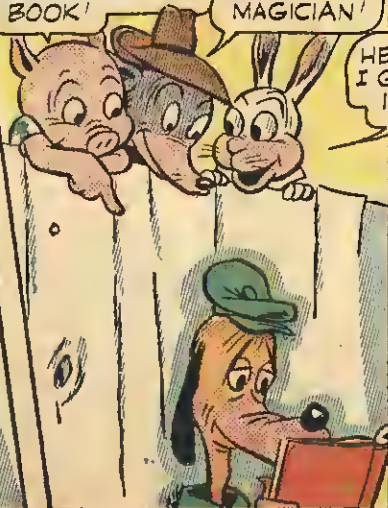
ALLAGAZAM,
ALLAGAZING! I
NOW MAKE DOPEY
DOGG A KING!



GOLLY I WISH I COULD
UNDERSTAND THIS BOOK!
IT'S AWFUL HARD!



(PST...) LOOKIT
DOPEY... READIN'
ANOTHER MAGIC
BOOK!

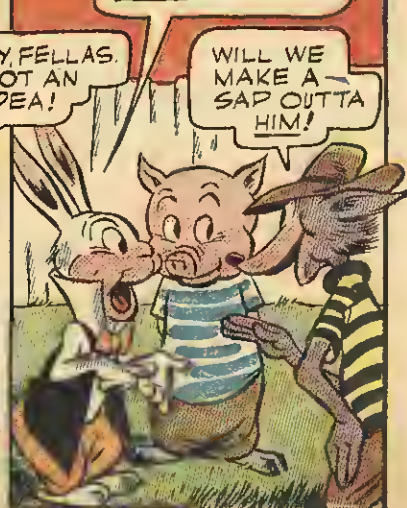


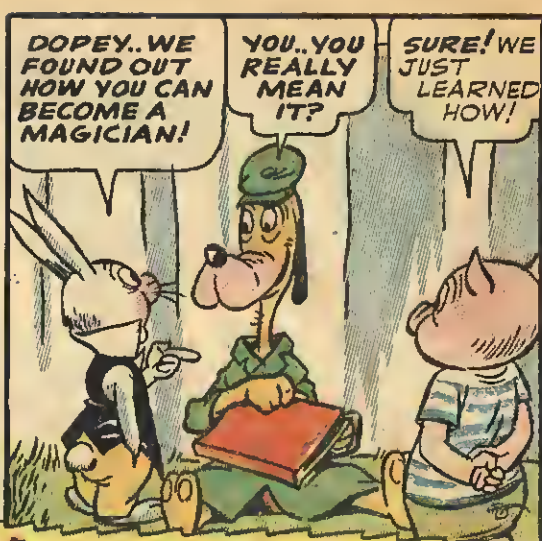
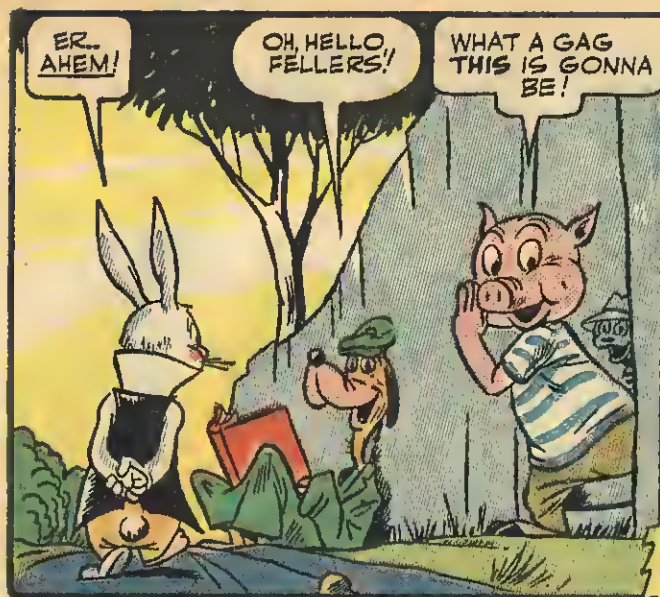
HE'D GIVE
ANYTHING TO
BE A REAL
MAGICIAN!

HEY, FELLAS.
I GOT AN
IDEA!

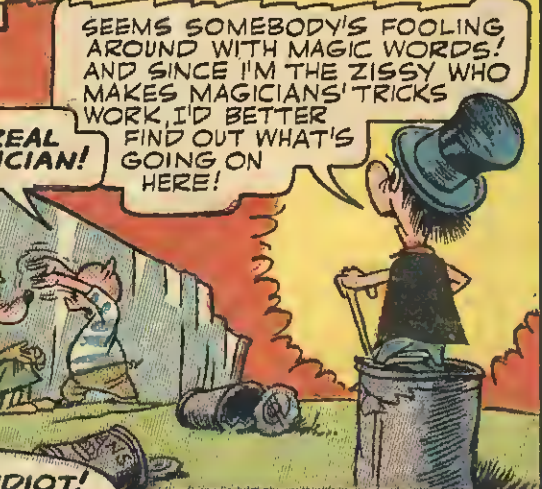
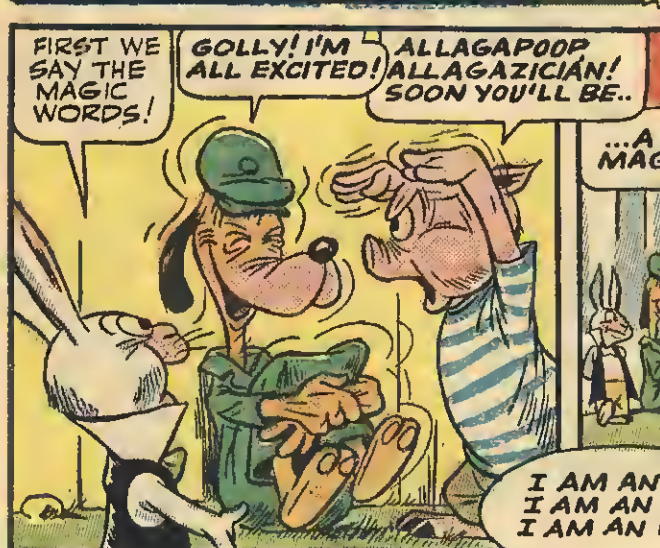
--AN' THEN HE'LL
THINK HE'S A
REAL MAGICIAN!

WILL WE
MAKE A
SAP OUTTA
HIM!





LOOK WHO'S HERE! THE ZISSY!





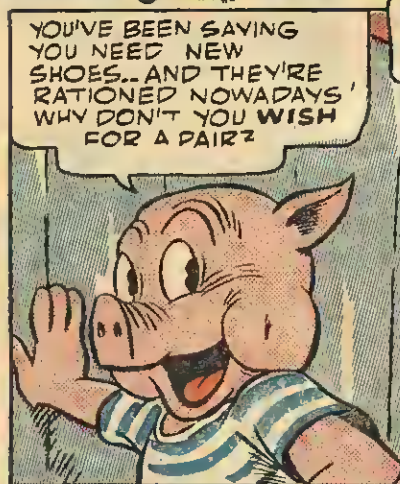
HERE'S THE
LAST ONE!
MAKE LIKE
A CAT
AND DOG,
FIGHTING!

MAIOW! WOOF-
WOOF! GRR..R...
MEOW! MRROW!
BOW-BOW!



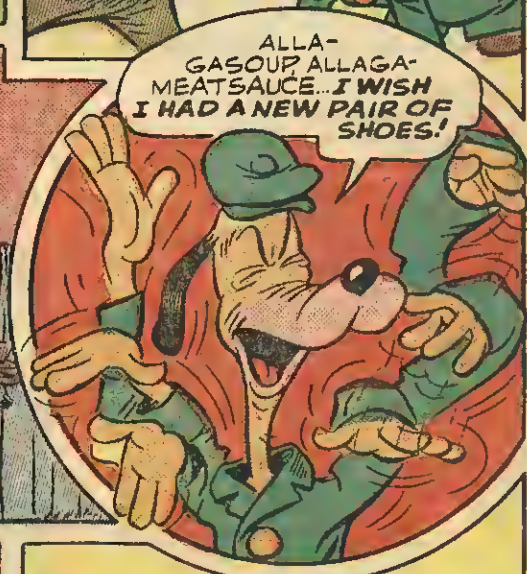
ALLAGAPOOP!
ALLAGICIAN!
NOW AT LAST
YOU ARE A
MAGICIAN!

WHEE!
WHAT'LL
I DO
FIRST!



YOU'VE BEEN SAYING
YOU NEED NEW
SHOES... AND THEY'RE
RATIONED NOWADAYS,
WHY DON'T YOU WISH
FOR A PAIR?

THAT'S A SWELL
IDEA! LESSEE,
WHAT'LL I SAY?



ALLA-
GASOUP ALLAGA-
MEATSAUCE... I WISH
I HAD A NEW PAIR OF
SHOES!



BOOM!
BOOM!
BOOM!

TA-RA
RA-TA
RA-TA



I GUESS THAT'S ENOUGH
FANFARE! HERE GO THE
SHOES!



GEE WILLIKENS!
IT WORKED!

AIN'T THEY A LITTLE
WORN? MAYBE THE
MAGIC SPIRITS MADE A
MISTAKE! I'LL WISH FER
ANOTHER
PAIR
AND.

NO, NO..DON'T
DO THAT, DOPEY!
THEY MIGHT GET
MAD!

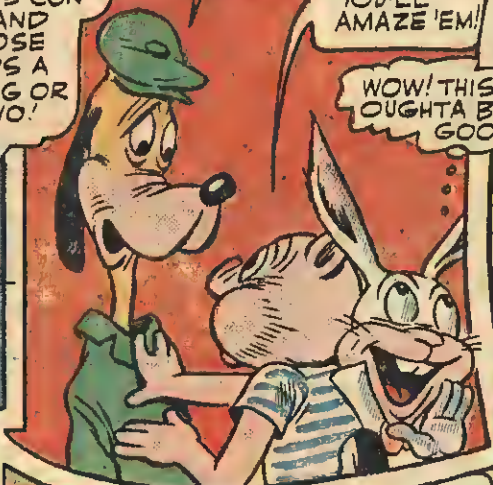
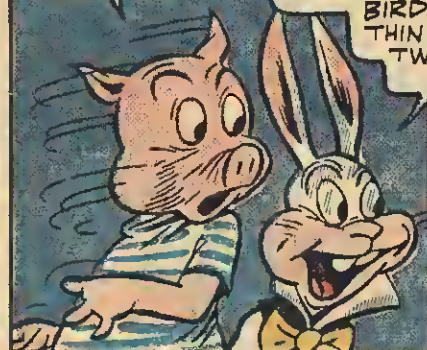
I'VE GOT AN
IDEA! WHY DON'T
YOU GO TO THE
MAGICIANS' CON-
VENTION AND
SHOW THOSE
BIRDS A
THING OR TWO!

YOU THINK
I SHOULD?

SURE!
YOU'LL
AMAZE 'EM!

HMM.. VERY FUNNY
JOKE.. I DON'T
THINK! I'LL TEACH
THOSE FELLOWS A
LESSON! I'LL MAKE
HIM A REAL
MAGI-
CIAN!

WOW! THIS
OUGHTA BE
GOOD!



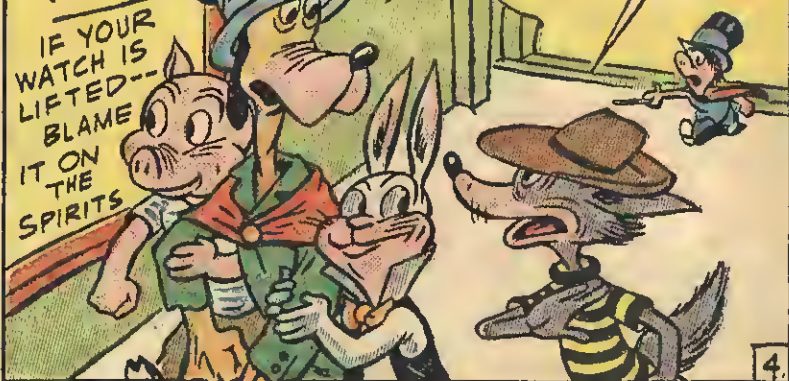
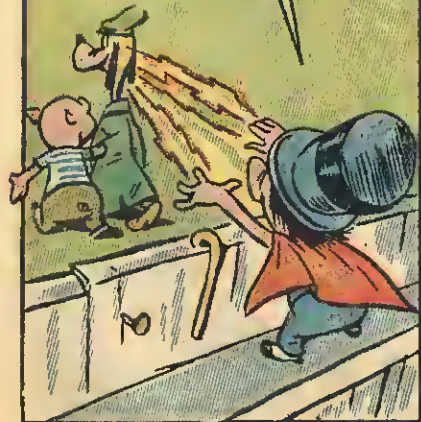
IPSY-POO, DRIPSY-POO,
LET EVERY WISH YOU
MAKE COME TRUE!

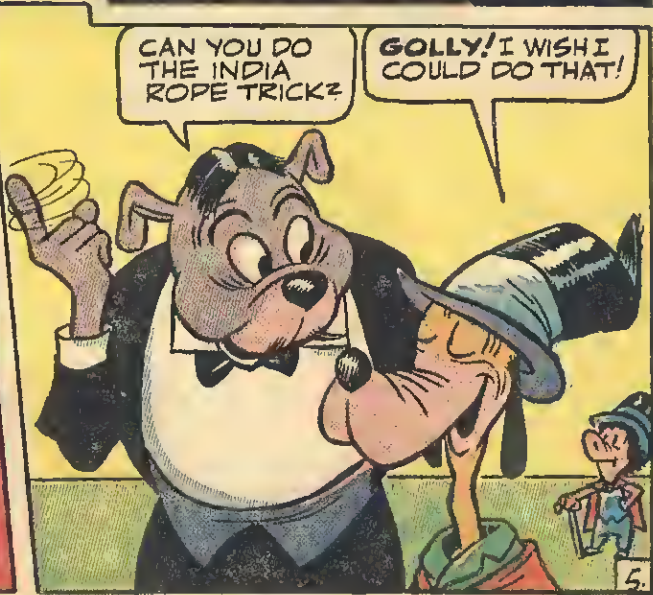
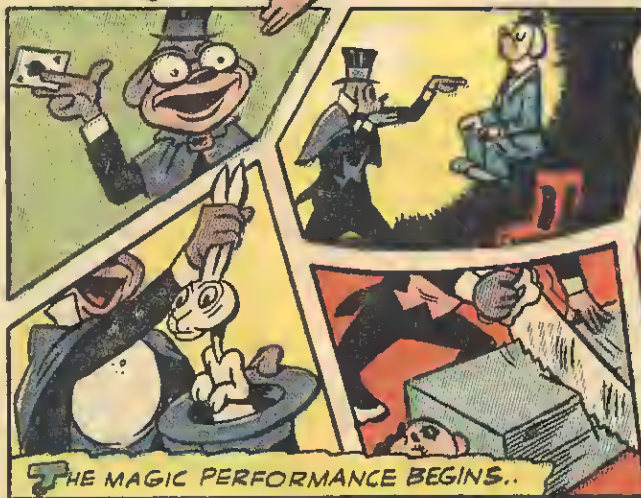
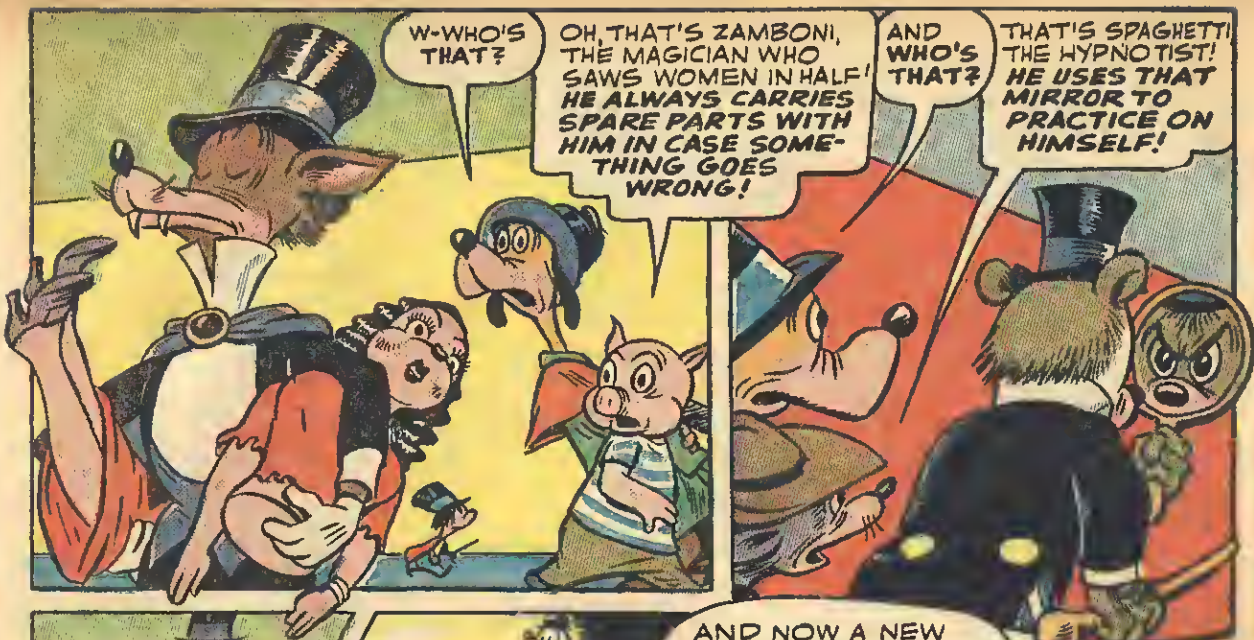
MAGICIANS
CONVENTION
TO-DAY

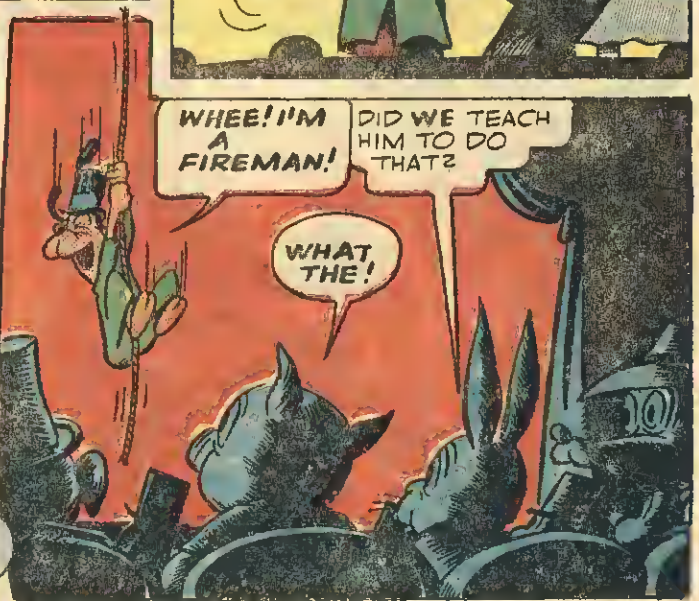
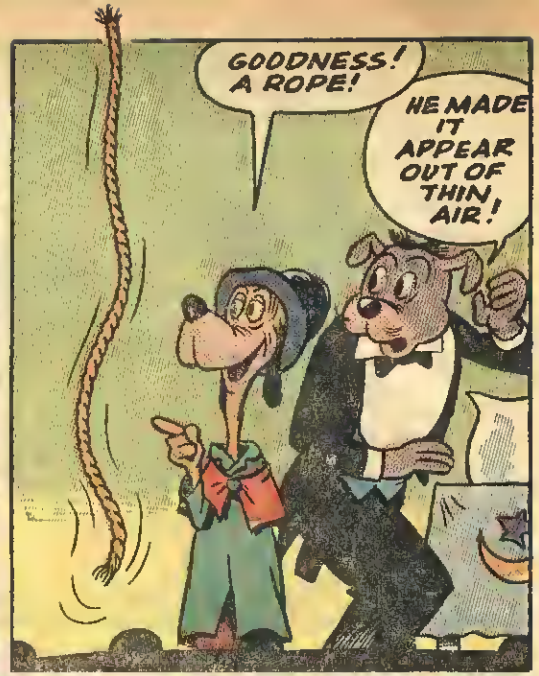
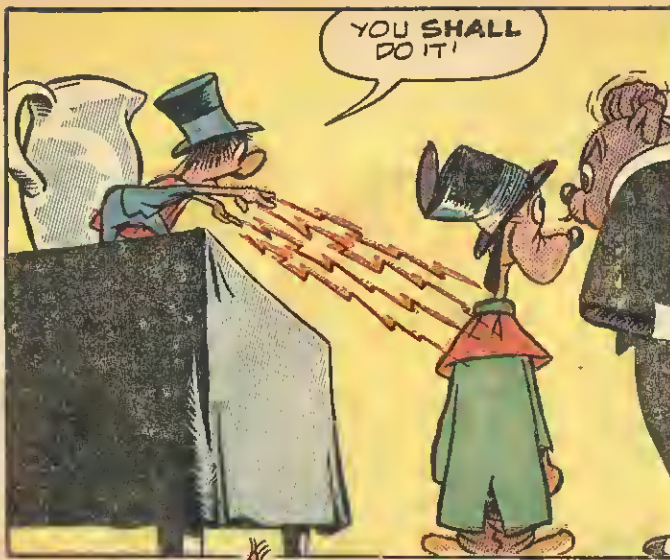
IF YOUR
WATCH IS
LIFTED---
BLAME
IT ON
THE
SPIRITS

ARE
YOU SURE I
OUGHTA G-GO
IN HERE?

SURE, DOPEY!
YOU'VE PROVED YOU'RE
A MAGICIAN, DIDN'T
YOU? YOU'LL
SLAY 'EM!







GEE!...THAT SOUNDS IMPOSSIBLE!
I ONLY WISH I COULD DO IT!

HE DID IT!

WOW!

AMAZING!

HE'S THE
GREATEST
MAGICIAN
THAT EVER
LIVED!

G-GOODNESS!

YOU
CAN!

NOW...NOW CAN
YOU TURN IT
INTO A MONKEY?

GEE! I...I
DUNNO!

HE DID IT,
AGAIN!

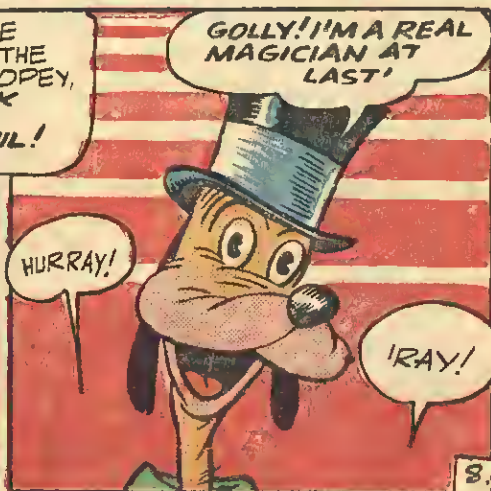
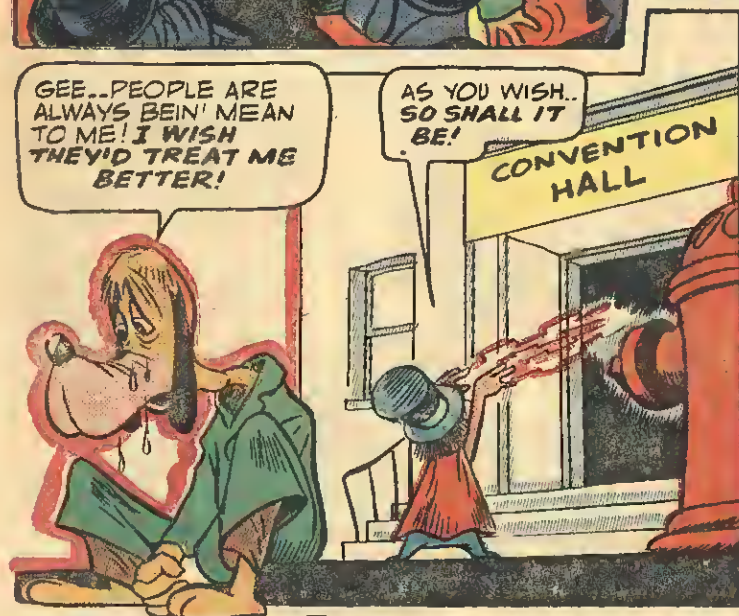
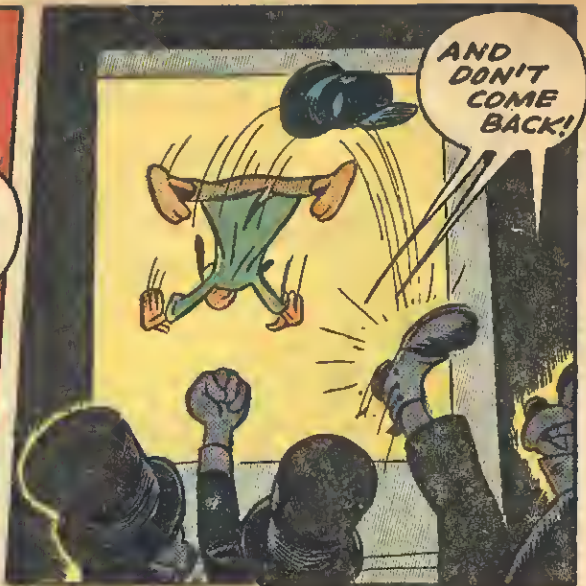
GREAT!

THRILLING!
WONDERFUL!

MARVELOUS! HOW DO YOU DO
IT? DO YOU USE MIRRORS...
OR HYPNOTIC SUGGESTION?
WHAT ARE YOUR SECRET
TRICKS?

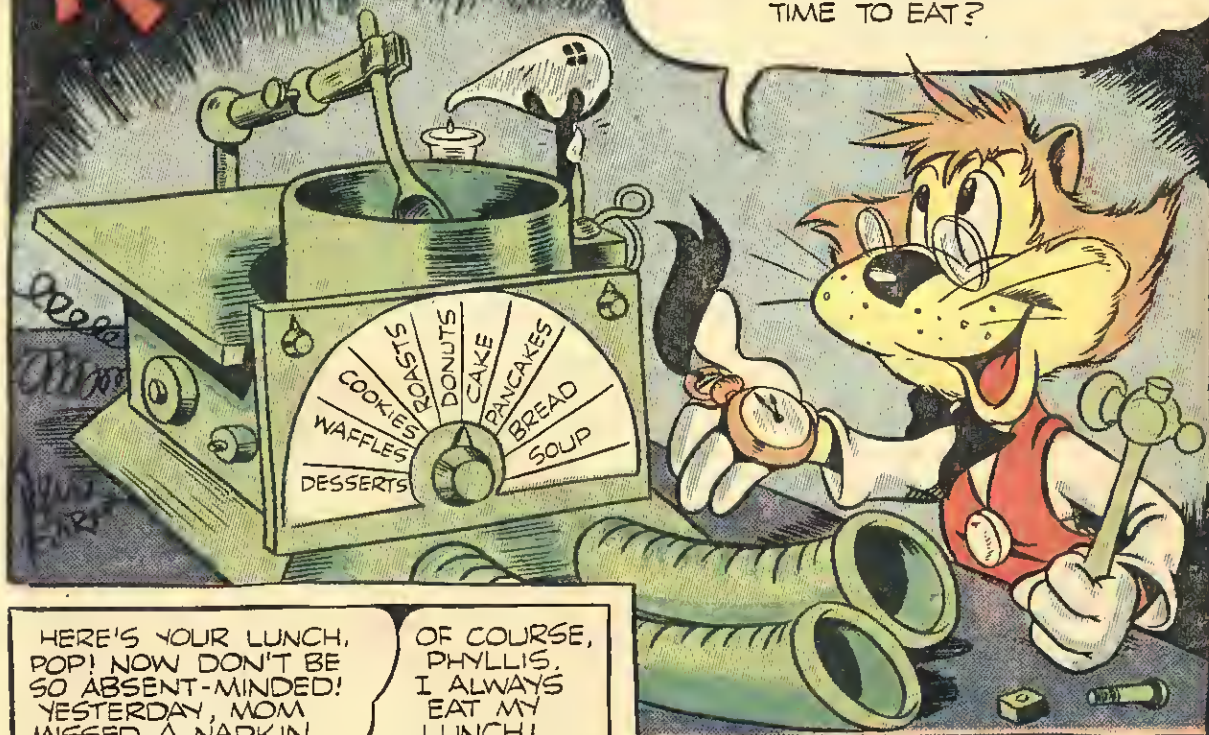
HUH? SECRET TRICKS?
I DON'T KNOW NOTHIN'
ABOUT THAT! I JUST WISH
FER A THING TO HAPPEN...

--AN' THEN IT
HAPPENS!



DOC KATZ SUPP

AH! AT LAST I'VE MADE A MACHINE THAT WILL MIX AND COOK ANYTHING! -AND THAT REMINDS ME, I'M HUNGRY! WONDER IF IT'S TIME TO EAT?



HERE'S YOUR LUNCH, POP! NOW DON'T BE SO ABSENT-MINDED! YESTERDAY, MOM MISSED A NAPKIN, A SAUCER, AND A SPOON - EAT YOUR FOOD, NOT THE DISHES!

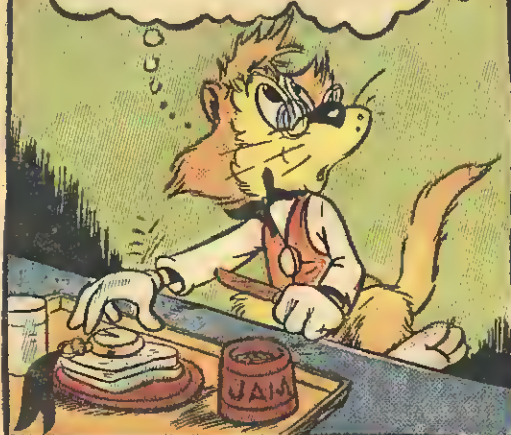
OF COURSE, PHYLLIS. I ALWAYS EAT MY LUNCH! NOW RUN ALONG AND LET YOUR DADDY WORK!



GUESS I'D BETTER EAT A BITE! NO, FIRST I'LL FIX THAT VALVE!



THE VALVE'S OKAY, NOW-
WONDER IF THE BY-PASS
TO THE PRESTOFLOAT IS
WORKING? ---



-YEP, IT MUST BE
ON ACCOUNT THE
SPLANKER CHECKS
IT! ---



-BUT THEN THE
FLIP TUBE MIGHT
FLAP AND ---



HUH! FUNNY SANDWICH, KIND OF
BONY--- OH WELL, WIFEY MAKES
SOME FUNNY
THINGS!



UM-M-- PRETTY GOOD LUNCH - NOW
THEN I MUST GO TO THE STORE AND
GET A NEW VALVE FOR THE BACK
LASH - NOW MY HAT - AND -



-MY COAT - NO, DON'T
NEED A COAT - GOT MY
HAT - BETTER GET-



KATZ, COME HERE
AND FIX THE STOVE!
IT WON'T WORK!



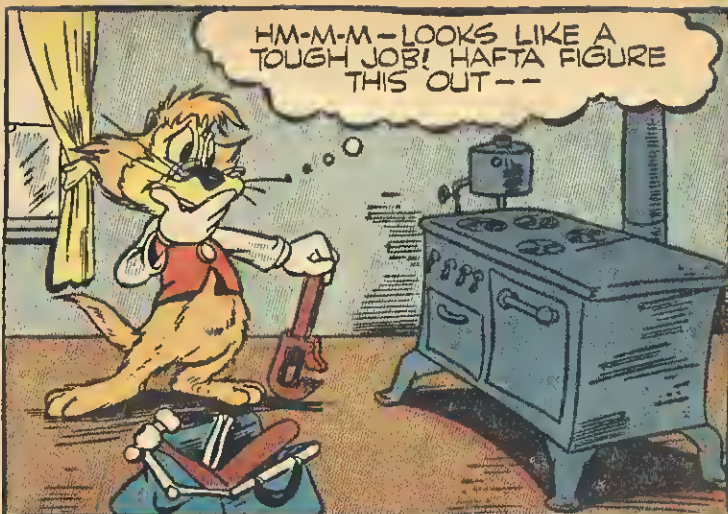
THE STOVE? WHAT'S
THAT? OH, YES, I
REMEMBER! SURE!
I'LL FIX IT IN A JIFFY!



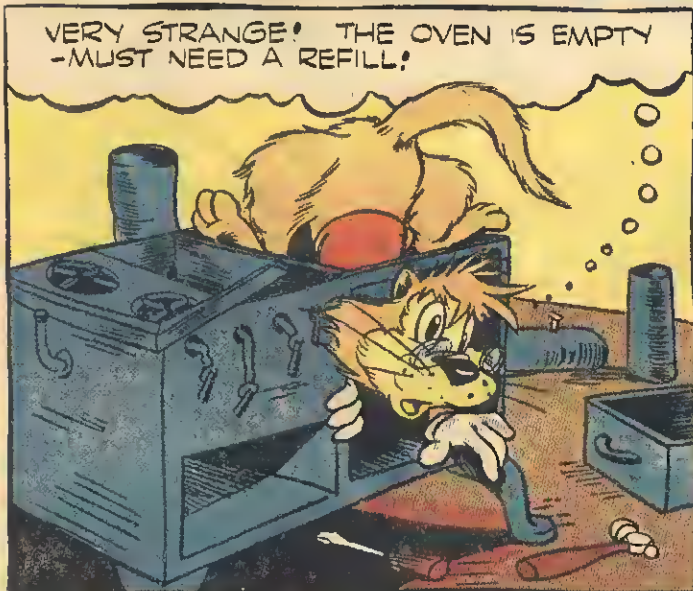
BETTER TAKE SOME
TOOLS ALONG!



HM-M-M--LOOKS LIKE A
TOUGH JOB! HAFTA FIGURE
THIS OUT --



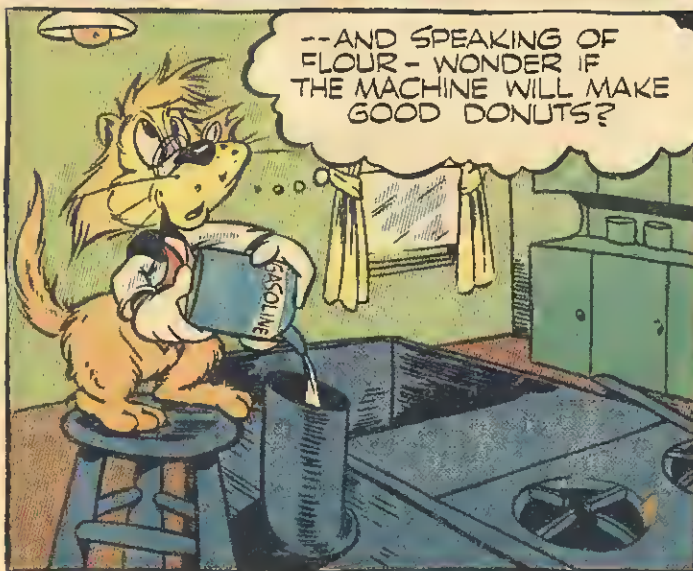
VERY STRANGE! THE OVEN IS EMPTY
--MUST NEED A REFILL!



REFILL? YEP, THAT'S IT,
MY MACHINE NEEDS A
REFILL OF LARD AND
FLOUR AND --

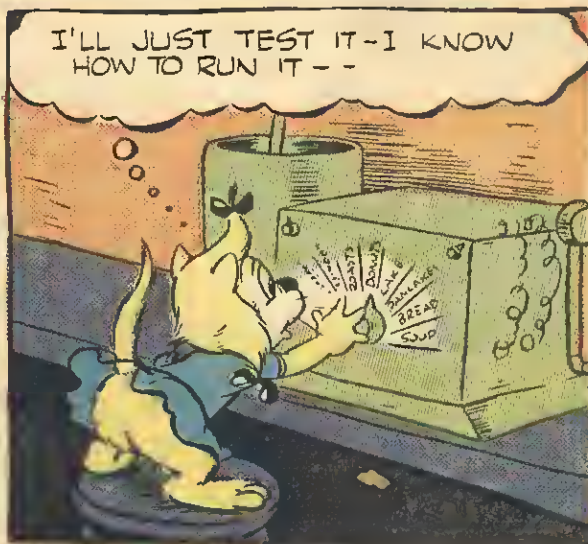
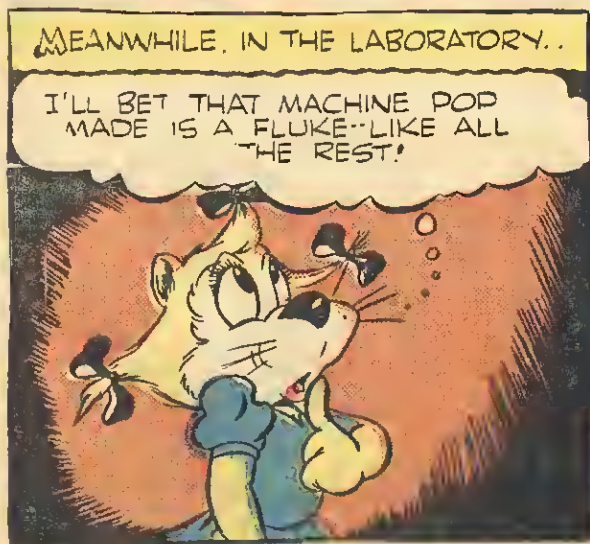
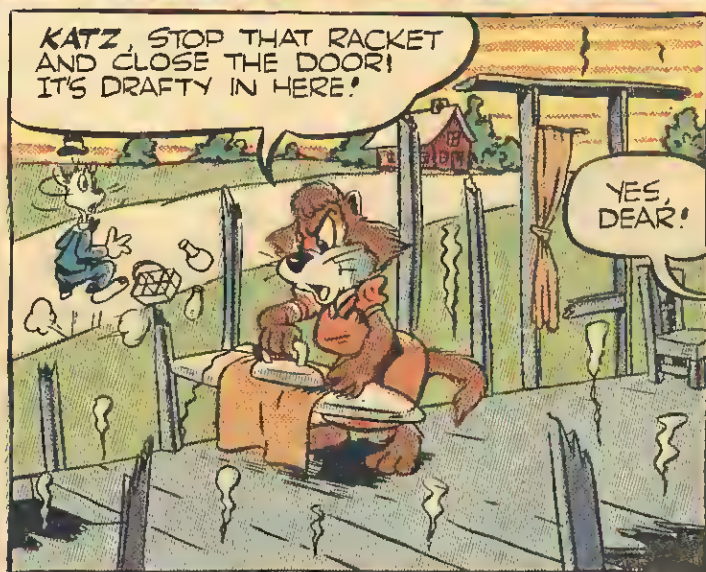
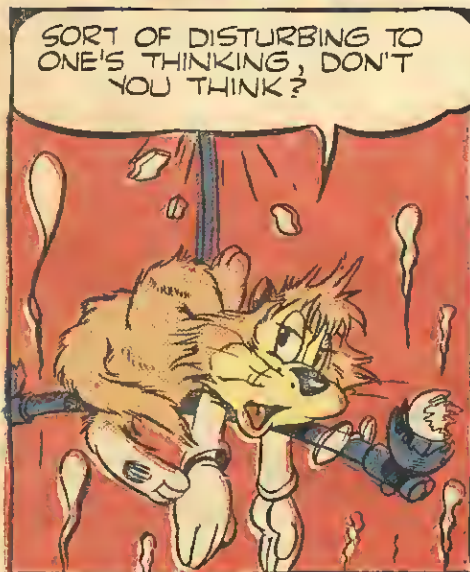
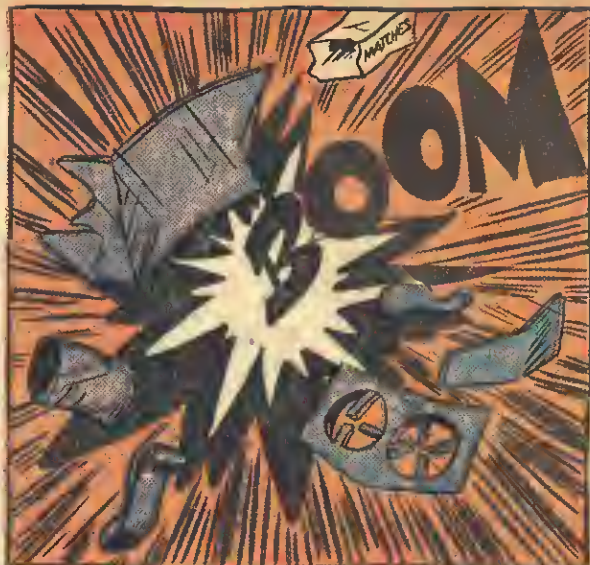
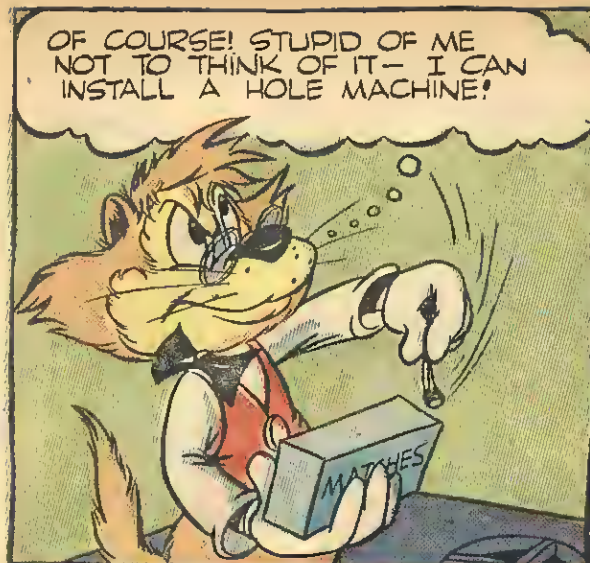


--AND SPEAKING OF
FLOUR - WONDER IF
THE MACHINE WILL MAKE
GOOD DONUTS?

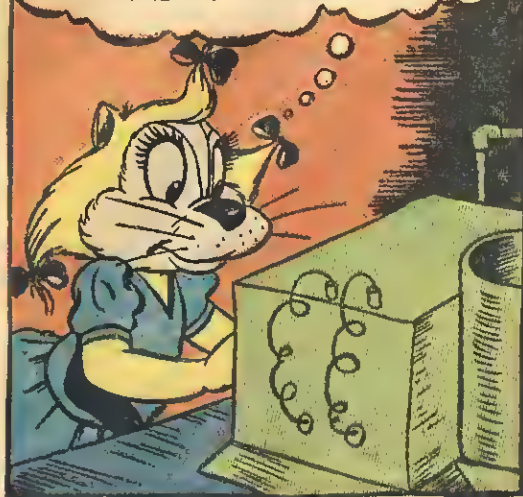


-- GUESS IT WOULD,
ALL RIGHT - BUT WHERE
COULD I GET THE
HOLES?



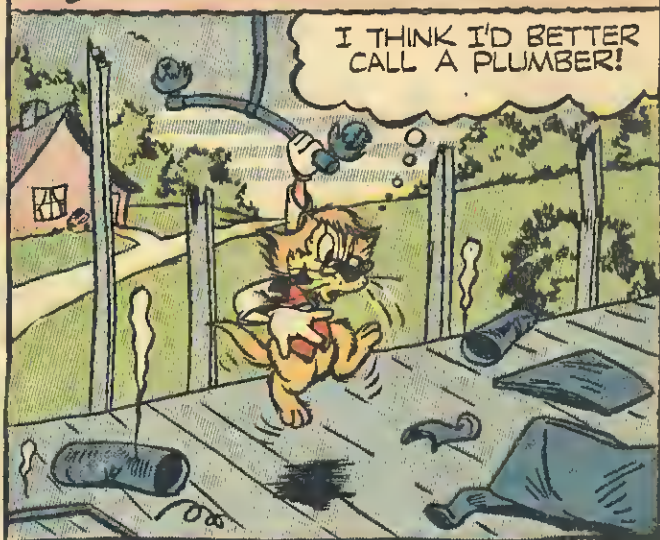


I'LL JUST MAKE SOMETHING
FOR DINNER AND HELP
MOM!



NOW BACK TO KATZ AGAIN:...

I THINK I'D BETTER
CALL A PLUMBER!



I GUESS 276 IS THE
NUMBER - ER, OR IS IT?
- MAYBE THAT'S THE
NUMBER OF DONUTS MY
MACHINE CAN MAKE!



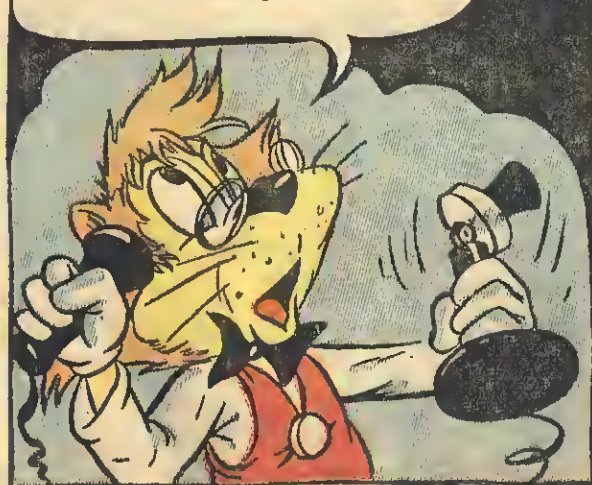
OPERATOR, I
WANT 276!



HELLO, THIS IS 276,
STATE. ASYLUM!



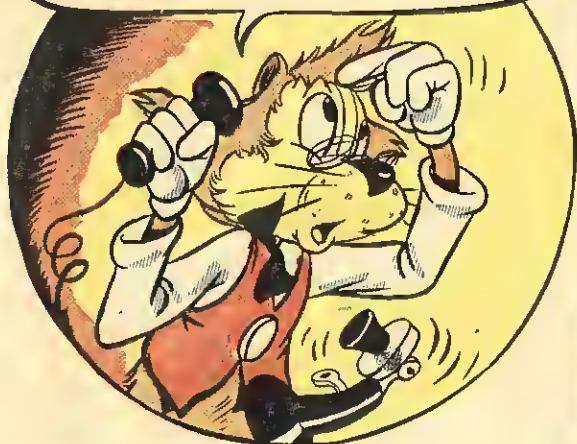
OH, IT IS? WELL, THAT'S
FINE! WHAT CAN I DO
FOR YOU?



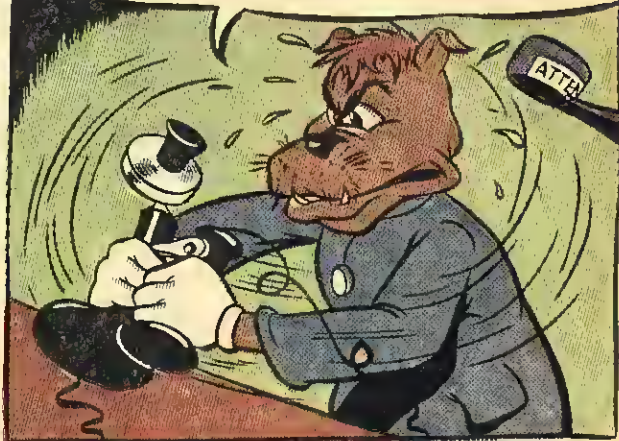
DO FOR ME? SAY, BUB,
YOU CALLED ME!



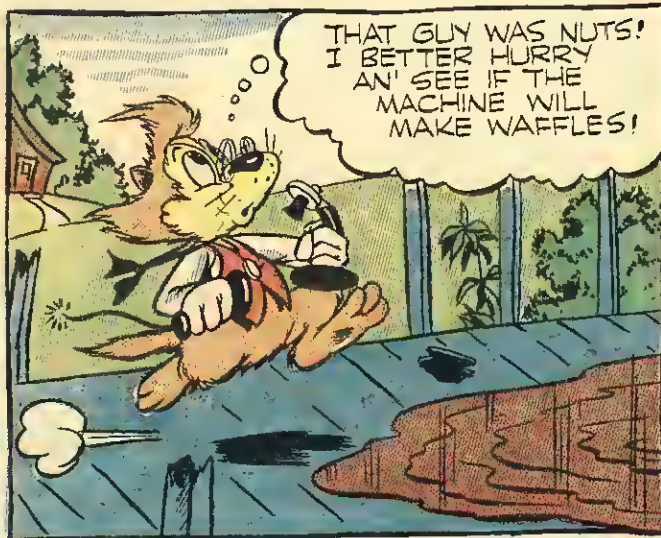
I DID? THAT'S ODD, I JUST
ANSWERED THE PHONE! AREN'T
YOU CONFUSED, SIR?



CONFUSED? I MUST BE
NUTS, TOO! I'D SWEAR
THAT PHONE JUST RANG!



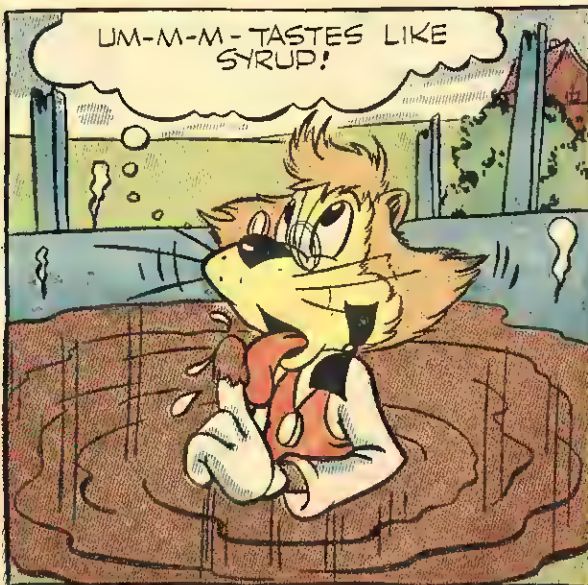
THAT GUY WAS NUTS!
I BETTER HURRY
AN' SEE IF THE
MACHINE WILL
MAKE WAFFLES!

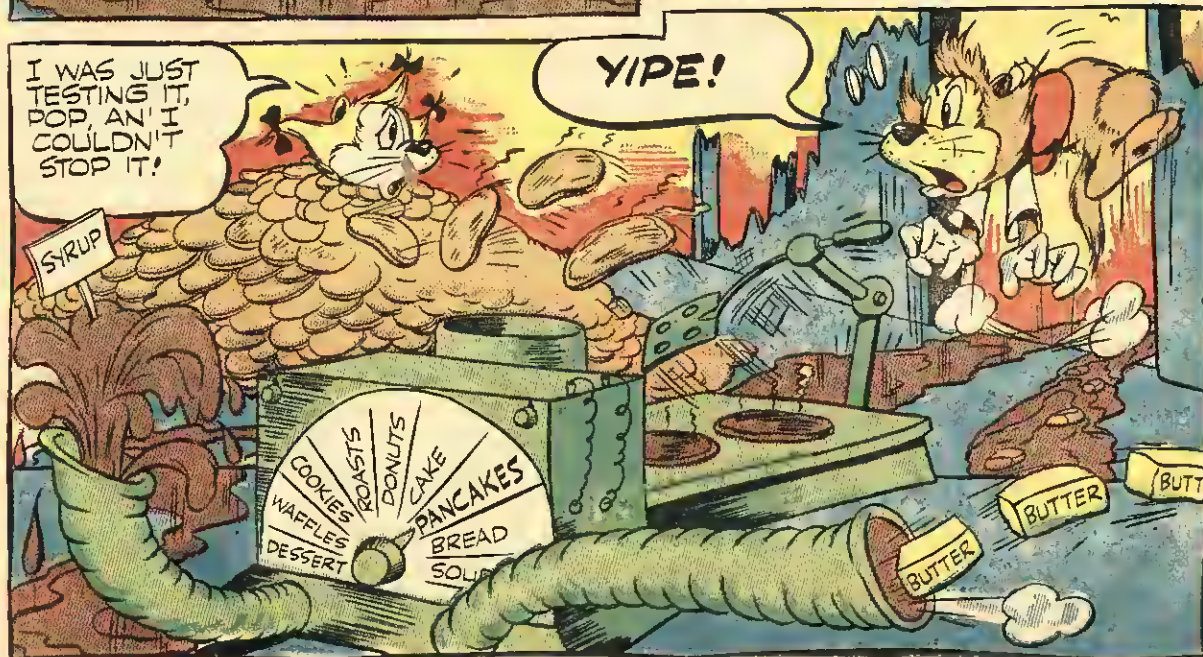
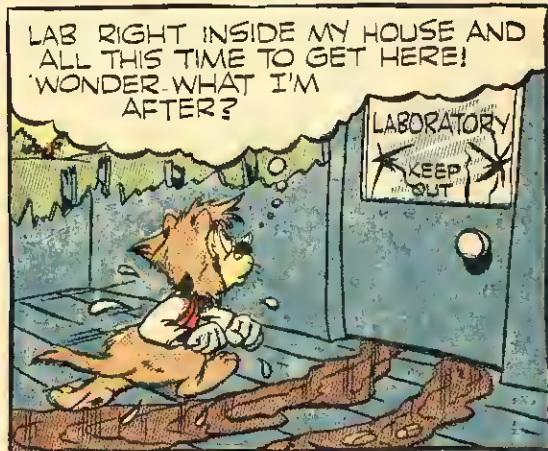
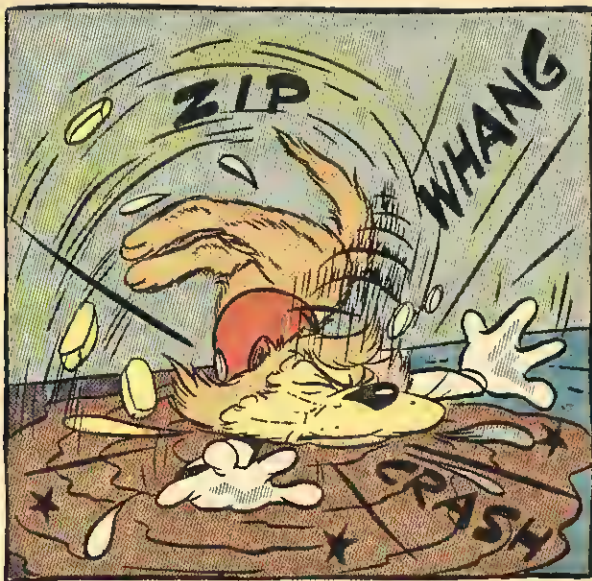
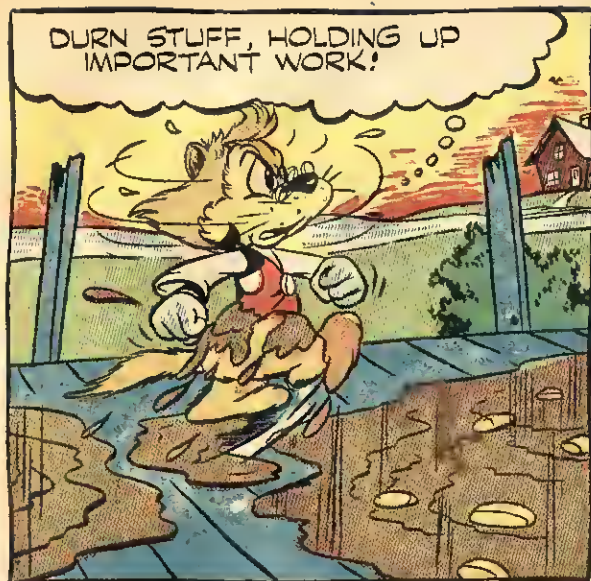


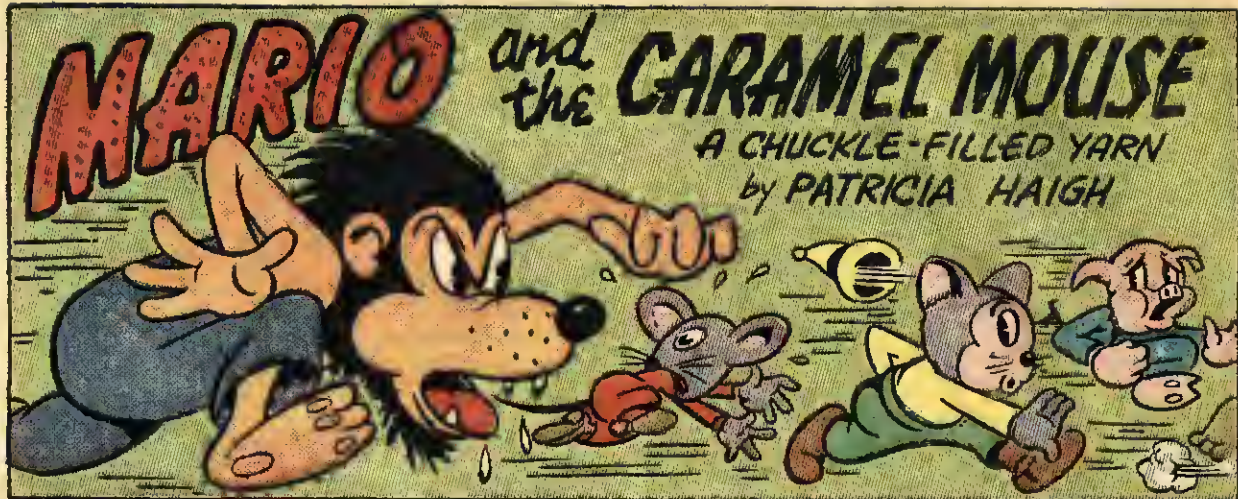
H-M-M-- LOOKS LIKE
SOMETHING GOOEY!
WONDER WHAT IT IS?



UM-M-M-- TASTES LIKE
SYRUP!







NOBODY would ever have heard of little Mario Mouse if it hadn't been for the coming of Manglo, the Lion, to Woodville. Manglo was the star attraction of the Bingling Circus, and wherever it stopped, little animals flocked from far and wide to marvel at his size, and especially at his ferocious, flashing teeth.

One morning, Manglo awoke to find himself alone in his private traveling car. The circus had left him behind! After roaring vainly for his keeper, Manglo at last opened his door—which was never locked—and sat down outside and wept. He was hungry—and there was no one to bring him his breakfast!

Just then, Harry Porcupine passed by, and burst out laughing at the sight of the big lion dissolved in tears. "HAW-HAW!" he snickered. "Look at Manglo, King of Lions, crying his eyes out!" Angered, Manglo snapped at Harry with his long fangs, but immediately drew back, his muzzle covered with painful bristles from the porcupine's coat. Harry ran off—leaving Manglo crying harder than ever!

"I'll show him!" whimpered Manglo, and stalked off into the woods looking for something he could kill without much trouble. Little Philip Field-Mouse, Mario's cousin, was his first victim—it was all over before poor Philip knew what was happening! Mario witnessed the scene from behind a nearby tree—and, horrified, saw two more of his school-mates disappear into Manglo's maw before he could gather strength enough to scramble back to Woodville in alarm!

"Stay in your houses, everyone!" Mario shouted. "MANGLO THE LION IS LOOSE!"

Everyone ran for cover! There was a hurried meeting of the town council. "We're too small to attack!" said the Mayor, trembling. "Who will volunteer to make a trap for Manglo—and save Woodville from destruction?" Mario was afraid—but he knew that SOMEBODY had to do it! "I WILL!" he shouted boldly, summoning all of his resolution.

The job was his—but then he realized that he didn't know how to proceed about it!

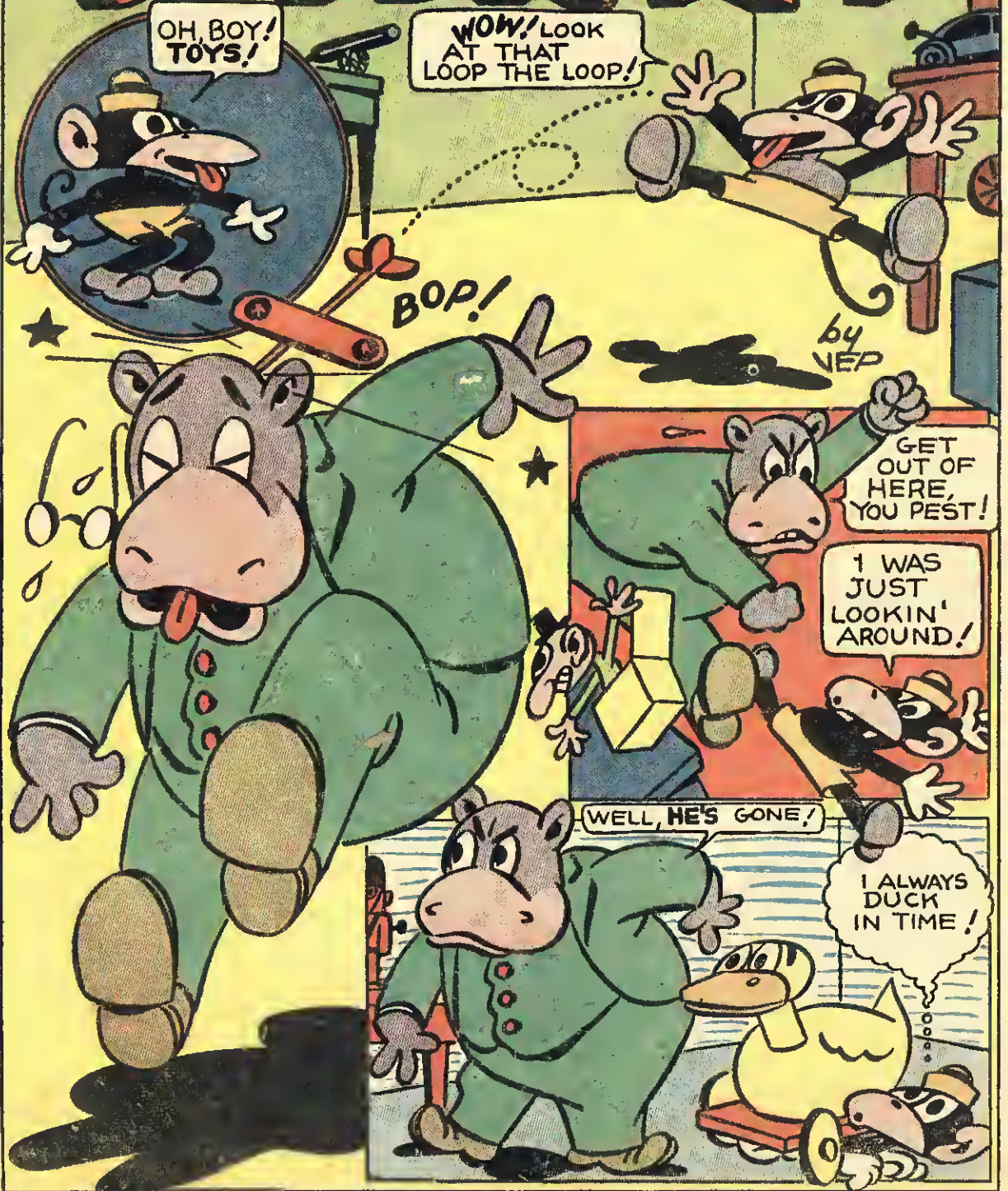
All day Mario watched big Manglo from a hiding-place behind a stone. He saw that Manglo only picked on the smallest animals in the woods. Finally, Manglo went to the brook, and Mario saw him remove something from his mouth and wash it. IT WAS A SET OF FALSE TEETH! And that gave the little mouse a great idea!

Mario had his mother make a big pot of caramel candy, and out of this he fashioned a mouse his own size and color. Then he tied a string around its neck and went into the woods where Manglo lay sleeping. Setting the caramel mouse a few inches from one huge paw, Mario ran the string to a nearby tree, behind which he hid himself. He pulled at the string—and the caramel mouse moved across Manglo's paw! The great lion awoke with a roar, and snapped at what he thought was a real mouse. His handsome porcelain teeth met through the candy—but he couldn't get his mouth open again! Mario took two turns of the string around the tree, and when Manglo pulled himself away, his teeth lay on the ground, biting the caramel mouse!

Mario gave a whoop of joy. "TURN OUT, EVERYBODY!" he yelled. The little animals all came on the run. When they saw what had happened, they gathered all the stones they could lay their hands on. The stones filled the air, thumping big Manglo from every side! Finally, he couldn't stand any more. Turning, he bolted deep into the forest—and nobody has ever seen him again to this day!

A handsome statue of Mario was erected in the town square. And when the Mayor awarded him a medal, he said, "Bravery isn't a matter of size! Here's little Mario, who packed more courage in a little mouse's body than Manglo did in his whole big carcass! And when you add brains, well—JUST LOOK OUT!"

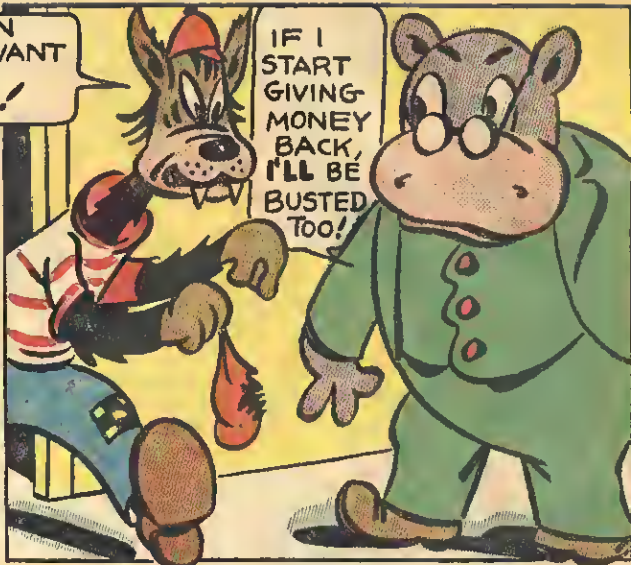
SCRAM



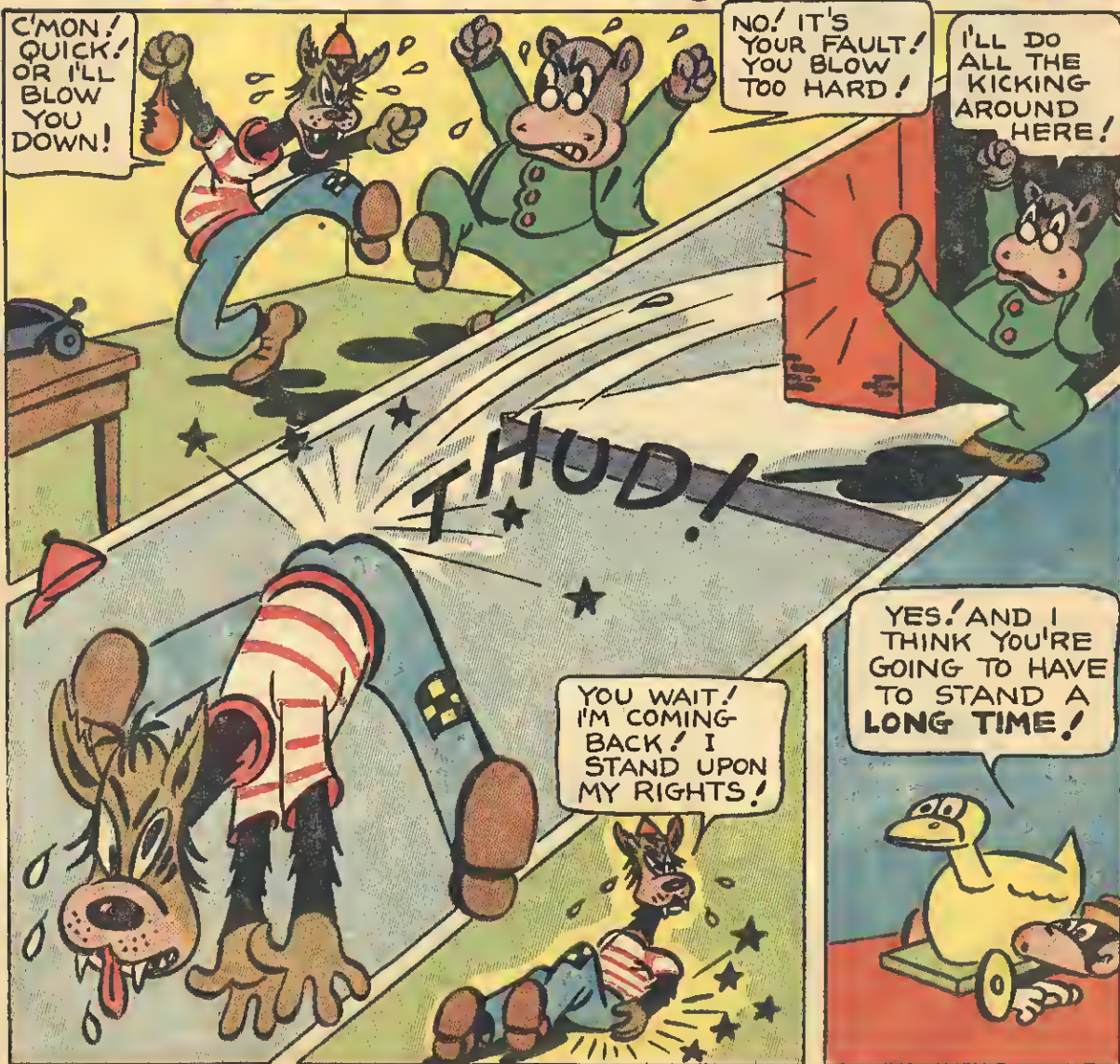


AH! A REAL
CUSTOMER
AT LAST!
BUSINESS
IS
PICKING
UP!

THIS BALLOON
BUSTED! I WANT
ME MONEY
BACK!



IF I
START
GIVING
MONEY
BACK,
I'LL BE
BUSTED
TOO!



C'MON!
QUICK!
OR I'LL
BLOW
YOU
DOWN!

NO! IT'S
YOUR FAULT!
YOU BLOW
TOO HARD!

I'LL DO
ALL THE
KICKING
AROUND
HERE!

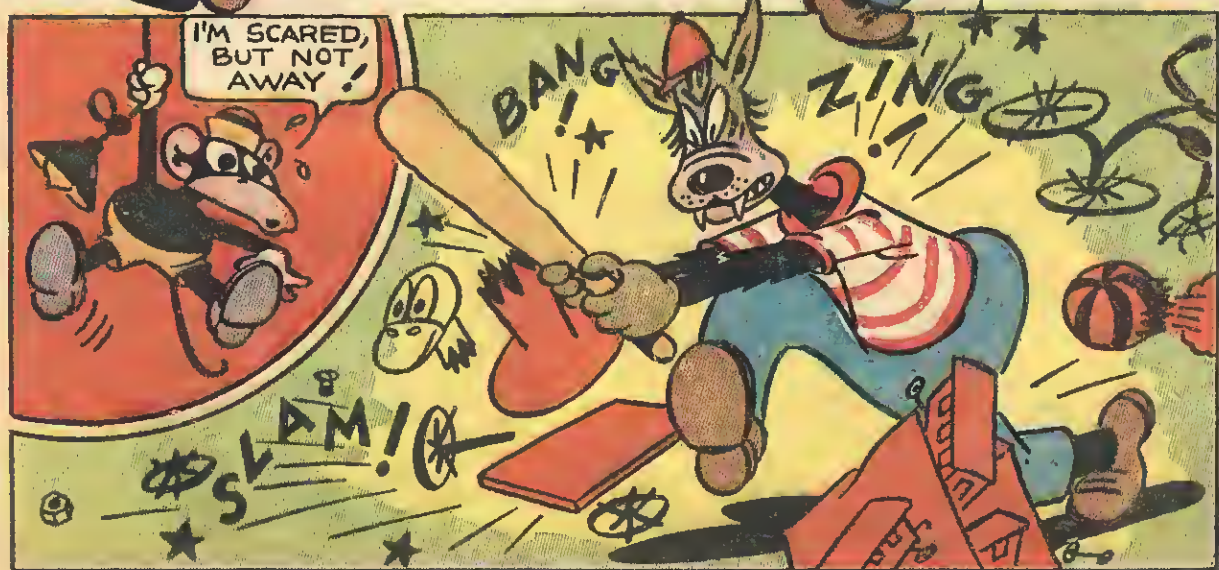
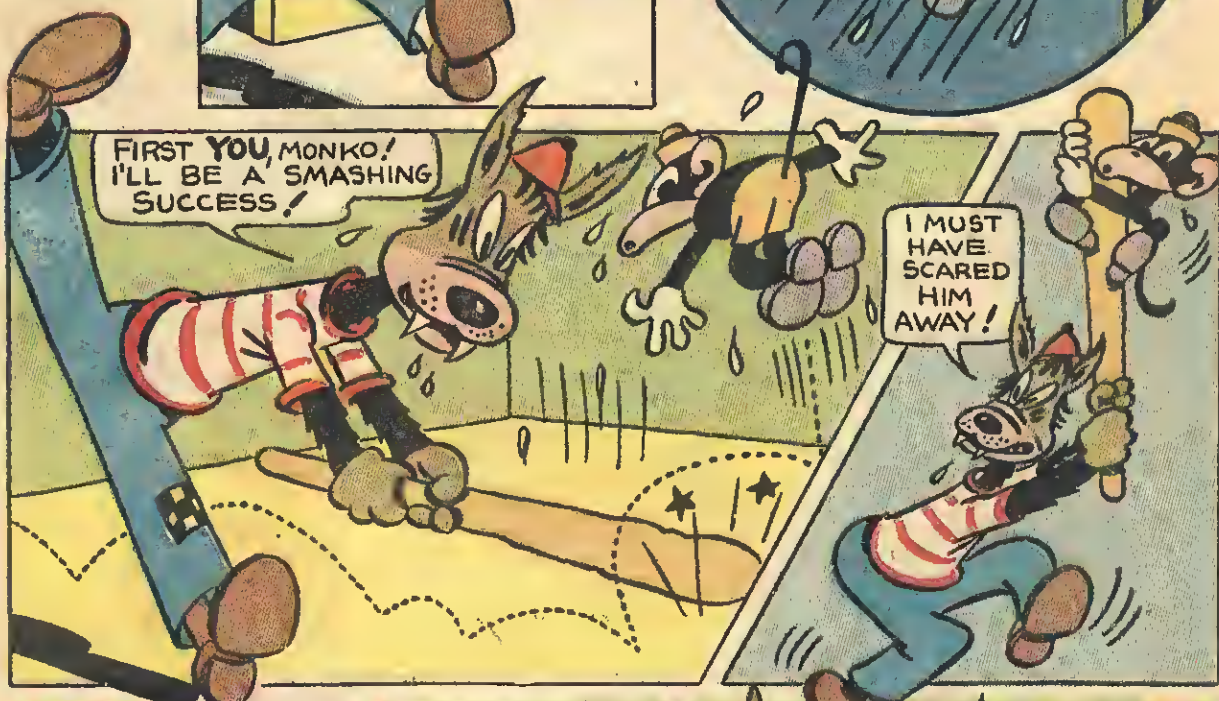
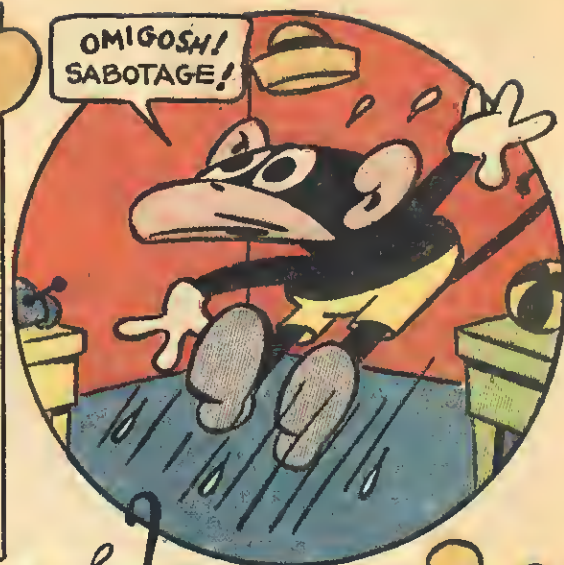
THUD!

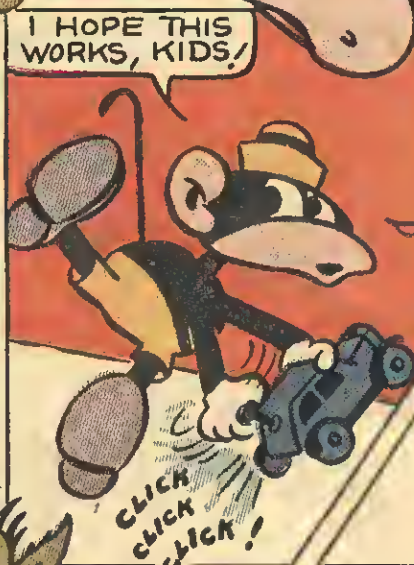
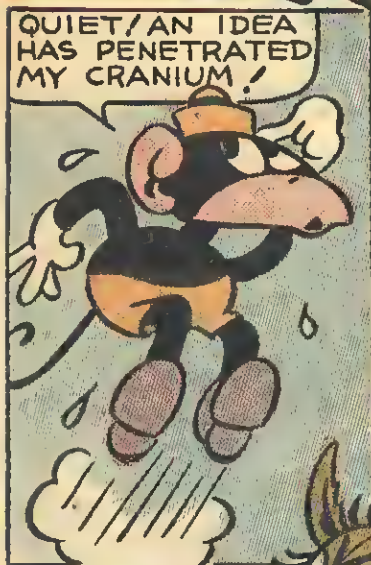
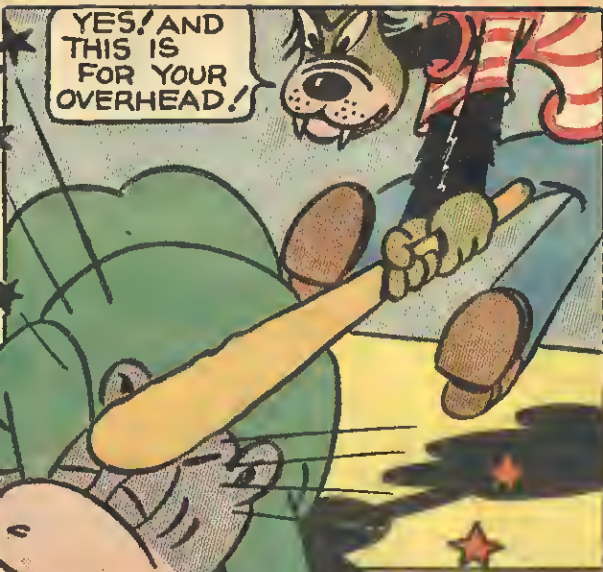
YOU WAIT!
I'M COMING
BACK! I
STAND UPON
MY RIGHTS!

YES! AND I
THINK YOU'RE
GOING TO HAVE
TO STAND A
LONG TIME!



GOSH,
KIDS!
HE'S
BACK!
HOLD
YOUR
HATS,
EVERYBODY!

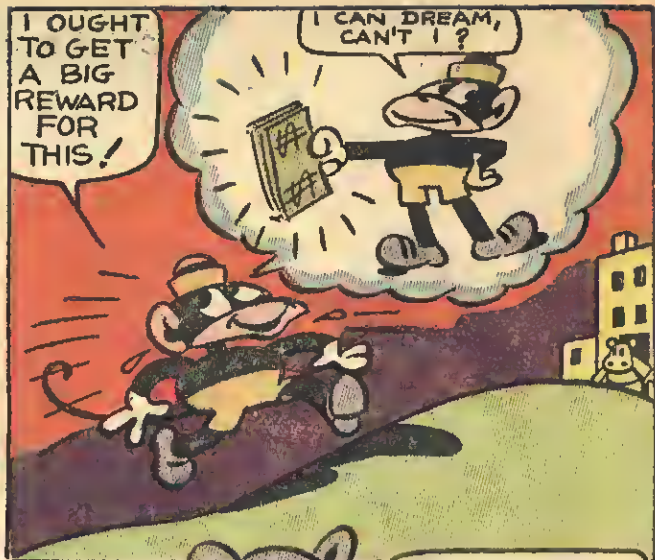






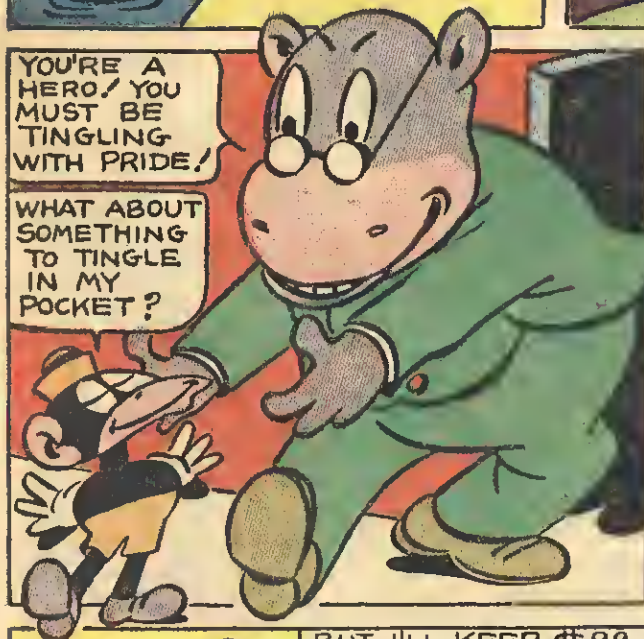


HAW-HAW/GUESS I PUT THAT BLITZKRIEG IN HIS PLACE, I CAN'T WAIT TO GET BACK!



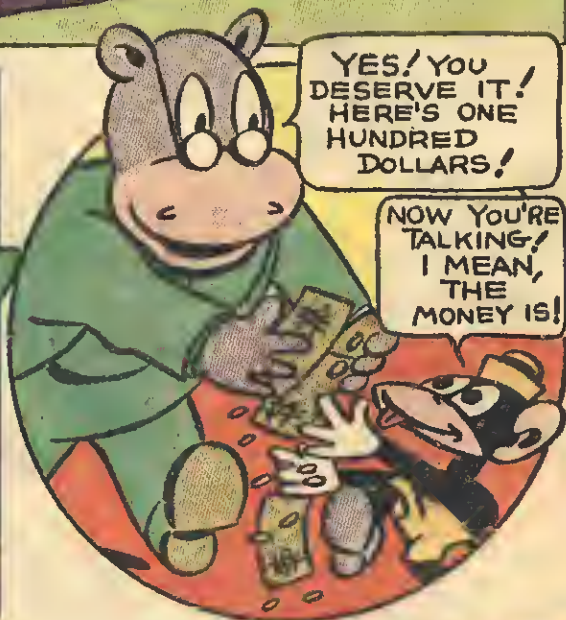
I OUGHT TO GET A BIG REWARD FOR THIS!

I CAN DREAM, CAN'T I?



YOU'RE A HERO! YOU MUST BE TINGLING WITH PRIDE!

WHAT ABOUT SOMETHING TO TINGLE IN MY POCKET?



YES! YOU DESERVE IT! HERE'S ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS!

NOW YOU'RE TALKING! I MEAN, THE MONEY IS!



BUT I'LL KEEP \$99.99 TO PAY FOR THE TOYS THAT WENT INTO THE RIVER!

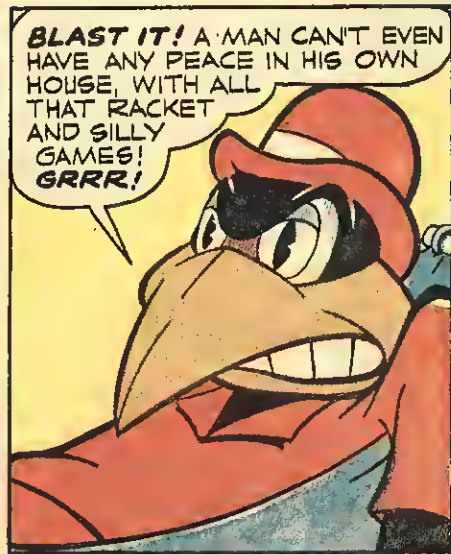
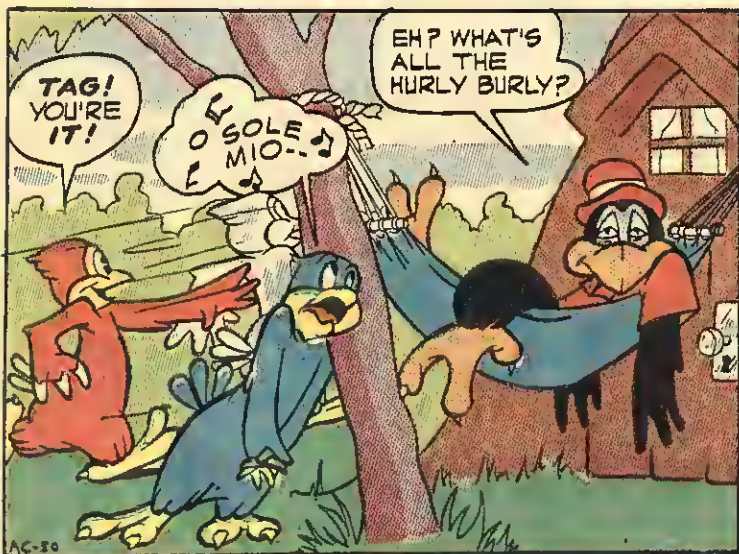
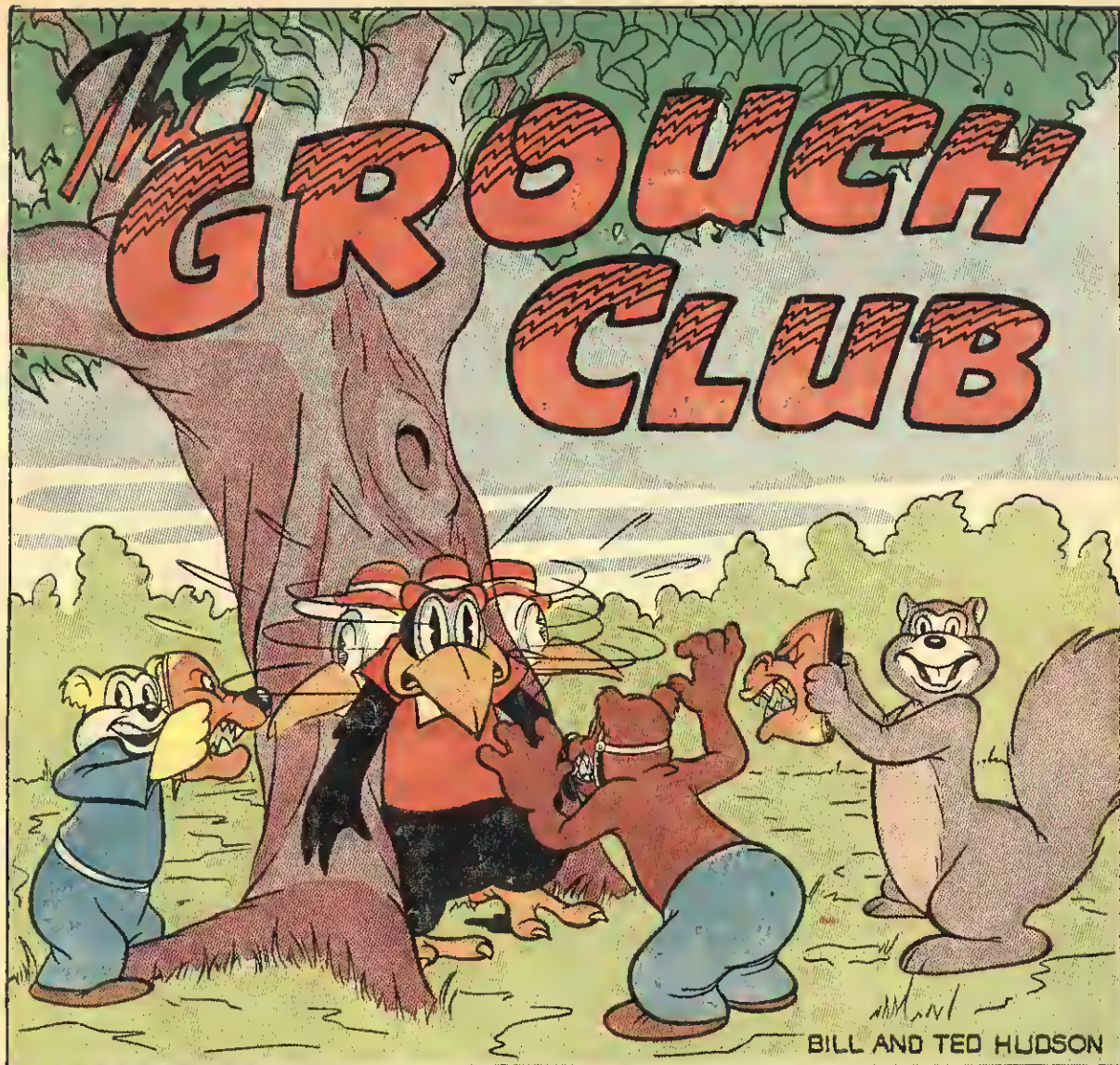
ONE PENNY!

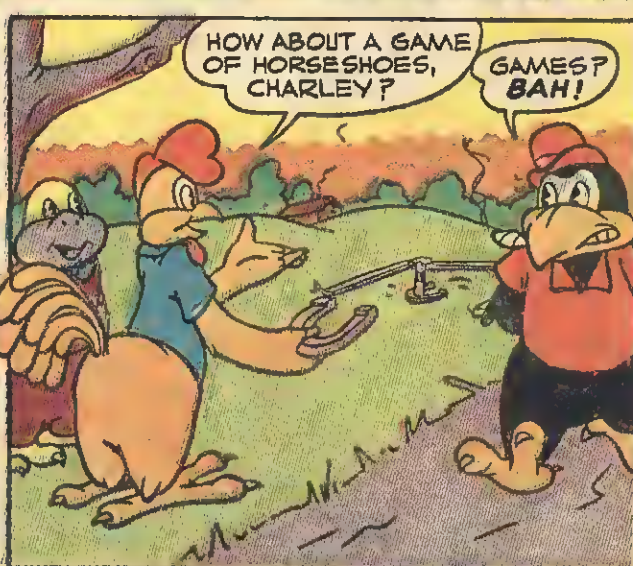
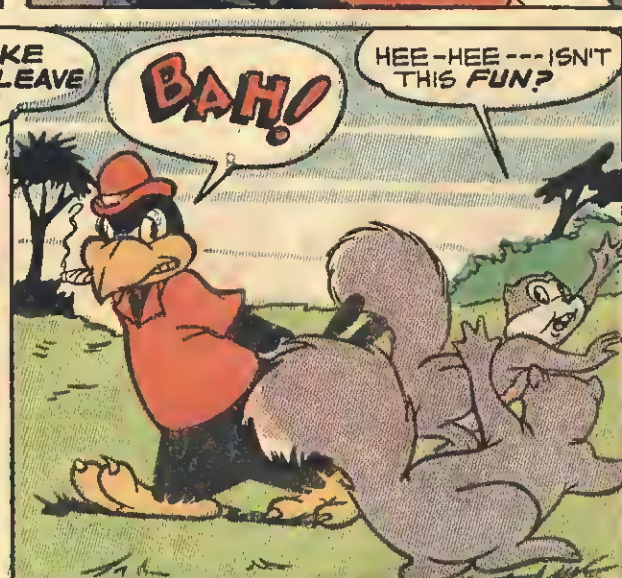
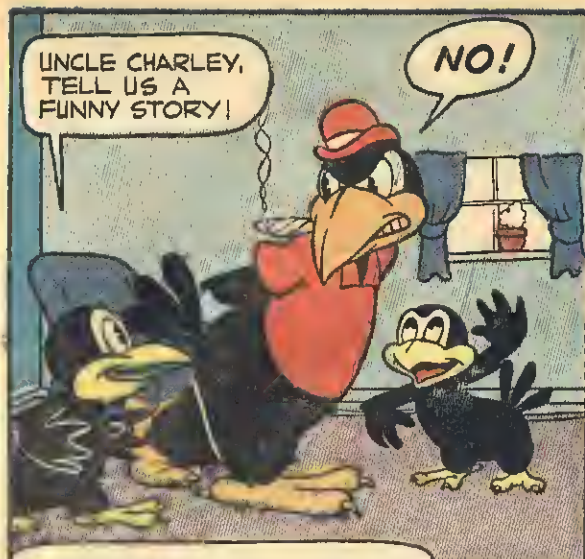


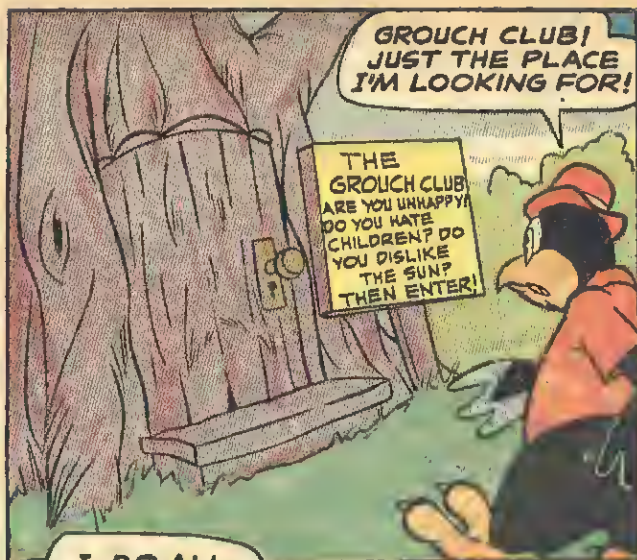
OH, WELL, I CAN HEAR IT TINGLE WHEN I THROW IT DOWN!

VEP

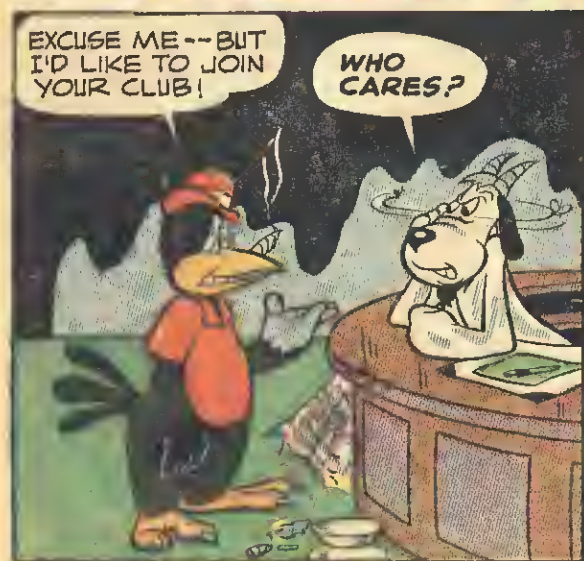
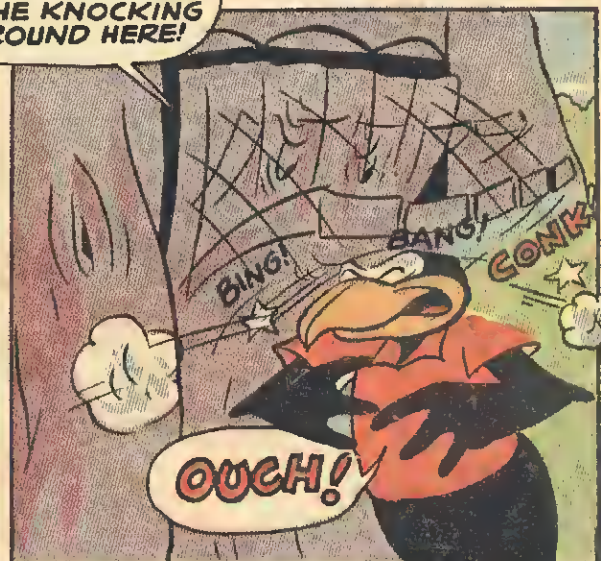
THE END!



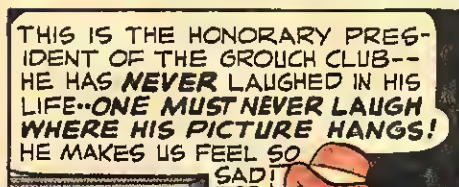




I DO ALL THE KNOCKING AROUND HERE!

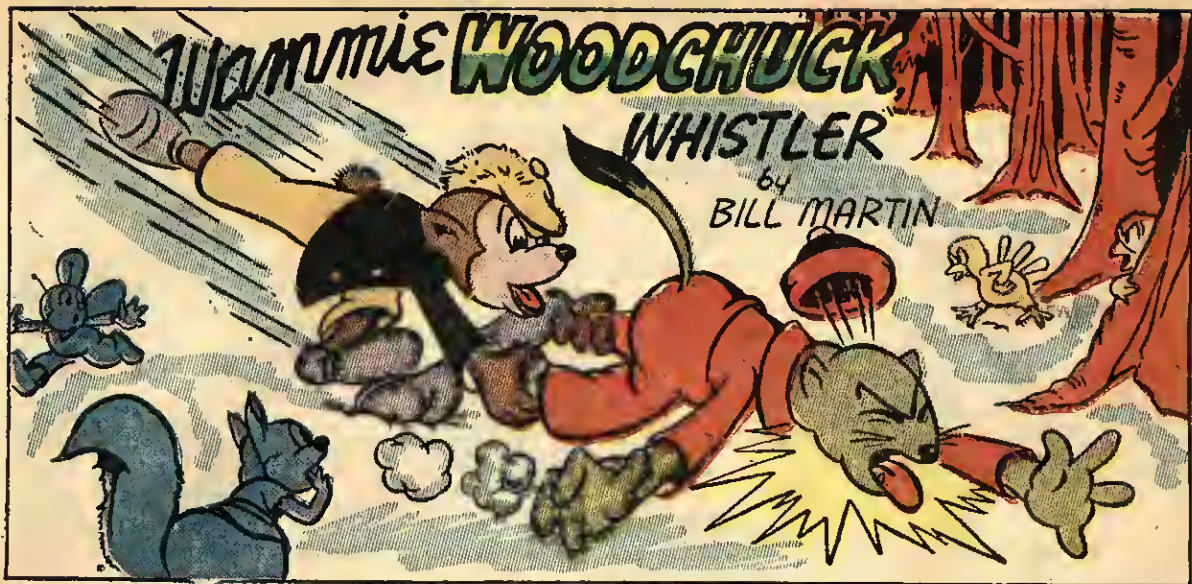






HO! HO! HO! WHATTA FACE! HA! HA! TAKE IT AWAY! HE'S KILLING ME! HO! HO!





WAMMIE WOODCHUCK—whom everybody knew was the best mimic in the woods—paused as he heard a great chattering uproar in the grove of trees just ahead. He recognized the voices of Ben Bluejay, Ralph Robin, Sally Sparrow and many others—the very birds he loved to imitate! It seemed as if every bird in the woodland was there and all talking at the same time. Wammie slowly made his way into the grove of trees and saw many of his bird friends who seemed to be very excited.

"What's the trouble?" Wammie asked.

When Ben Bluejay heard Wammie's voice, he turned around very rapidly.

"What's the trouble?" Ben repeated. "Plenty! It's Wally Weasel! *He's been stealing our eggs!*"

Wammie was shocked. "Stealing your eggs? How terrible!"

"Yes!" put in Sally Sparrow. "We don't know what to do! If somebody doesn't stop him——"

Wammie sadly shook his head, but Ralph Robin suddenly turned on him.

"Wally Weasel is *your* cousin, and it's up to *you* to put a stop to it!" shouted Ralph.

"*He's right!*" shouted the others in unison.

"B-but *how?*" stammered Wammie.

"We don't care how, but you'll have to stop that thief!" cried Sally.

As Wammie slowly left the grove, he did not know that Wally had been hiding behind a tree—and had heard every word! He went a few steps and suddenly found Wally sitting in his path, a smirk on his face.

"Ha-Ha!" laughed Wally. "You couldn't catch me in a million years!"

Wammie realized that Wally knew what he was talking about. He was too fat to catch Wally, who was as fast as streaked lightning.

"If I could only get my hands on him," Wammie thought, "I'd be able to make him stop stealing eggs!"

A few hours later, Wally heard the shrill whistling sound of a bird. It seemed to come from behind the bushes just ahead.

"Ah-ha!" thought Wally Weasel to himself. "That bird must have some new eggs because she's whistling as if she were happy! This is my chance!"

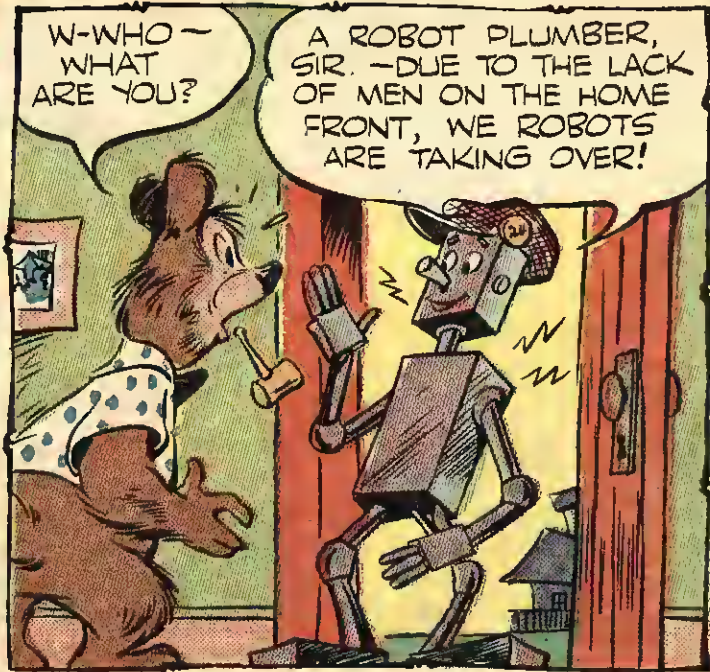
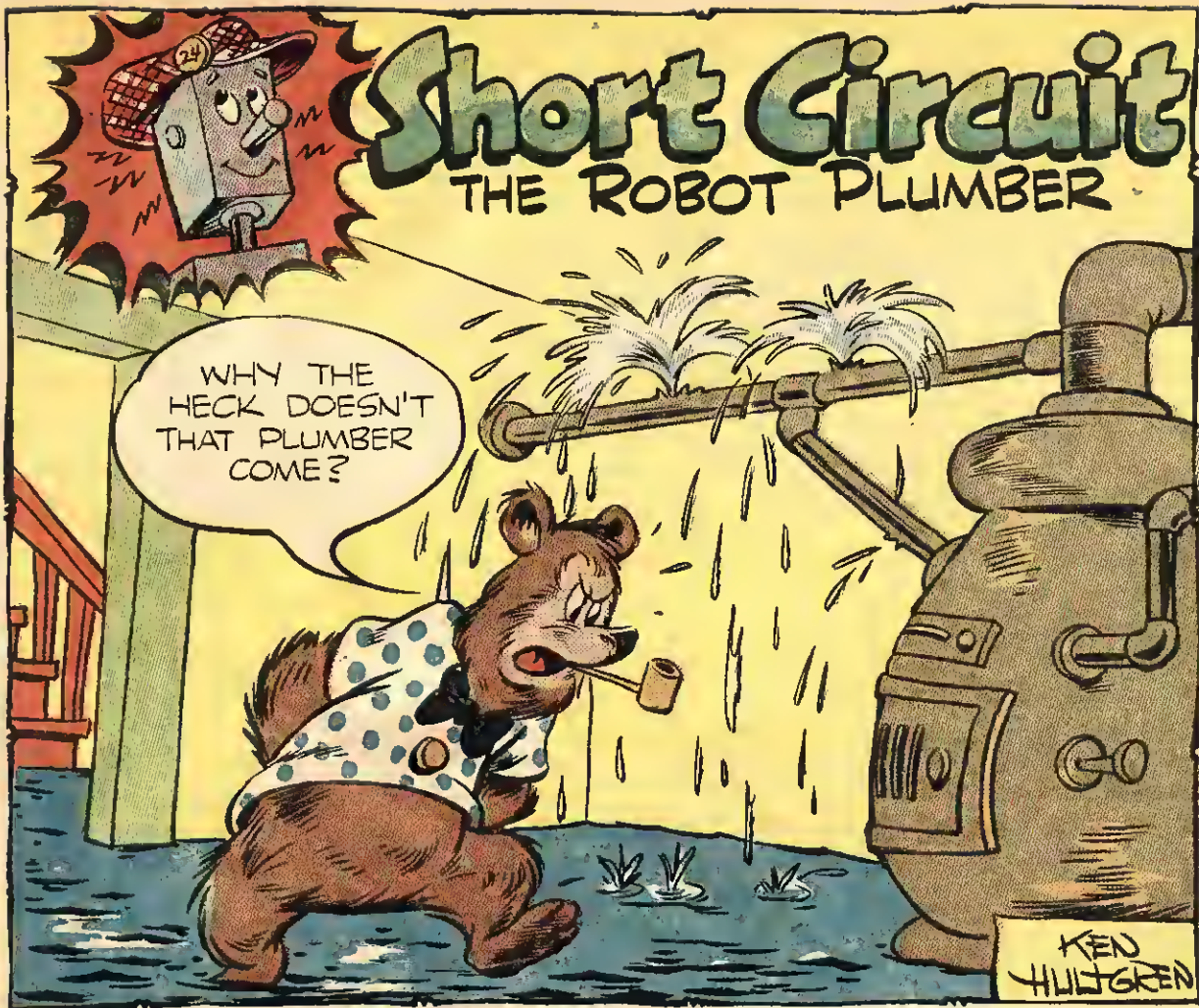
He carefully crawled over toward a little hole in the ground. "The eggs must be in there!" he whispered gloatingly.

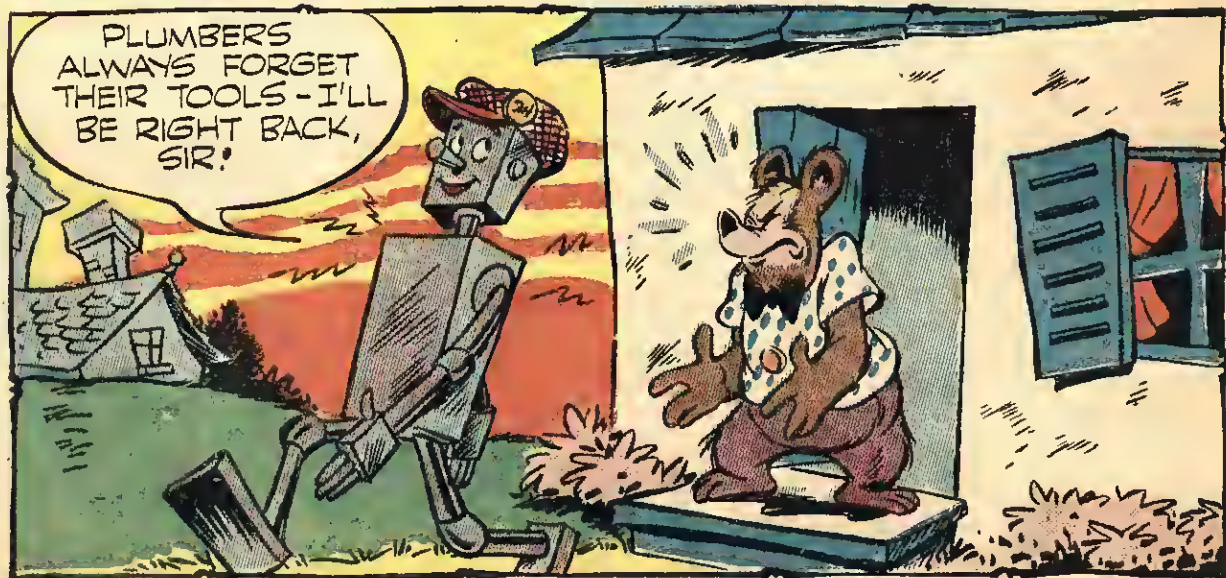
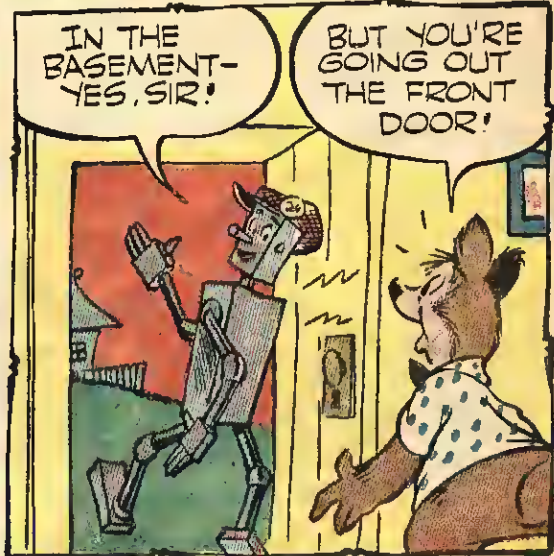
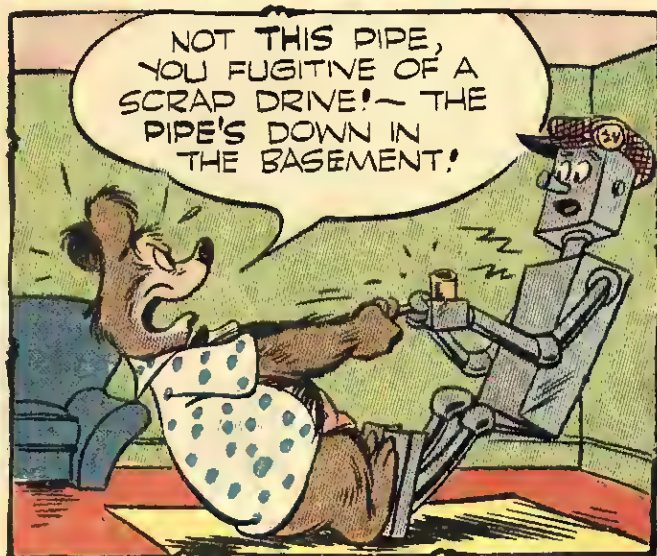
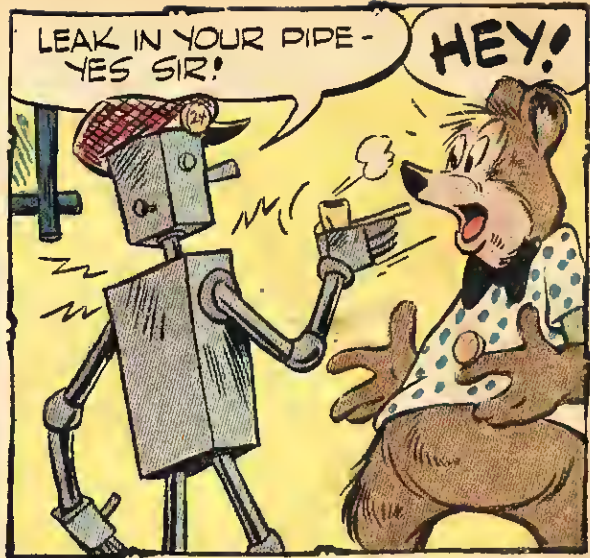
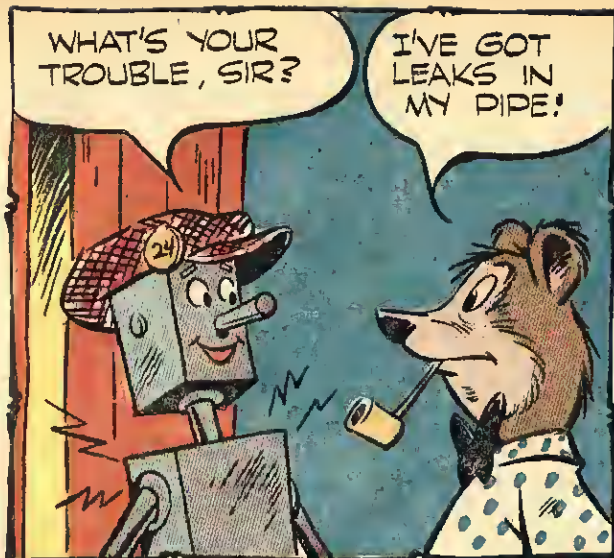
Just as he got to the hole, Wammie popped up, and seized Wally by the scruff of the neck.

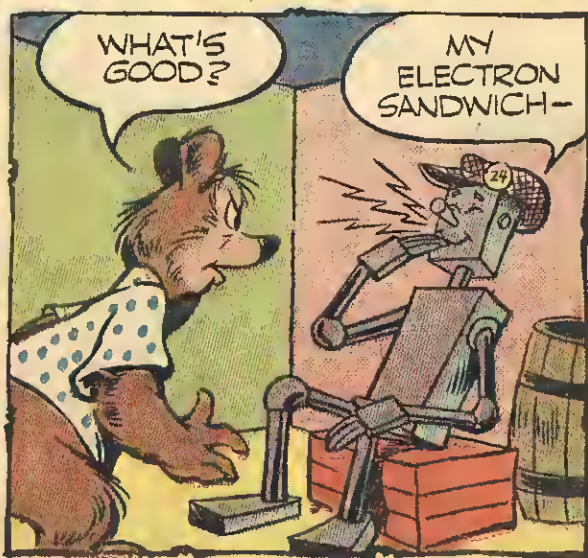
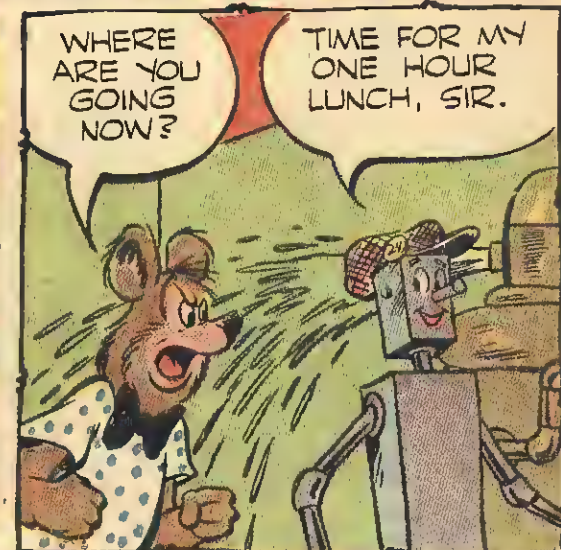
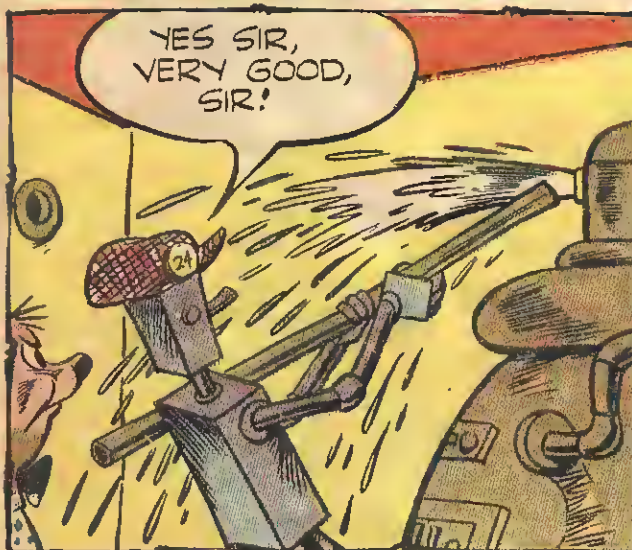
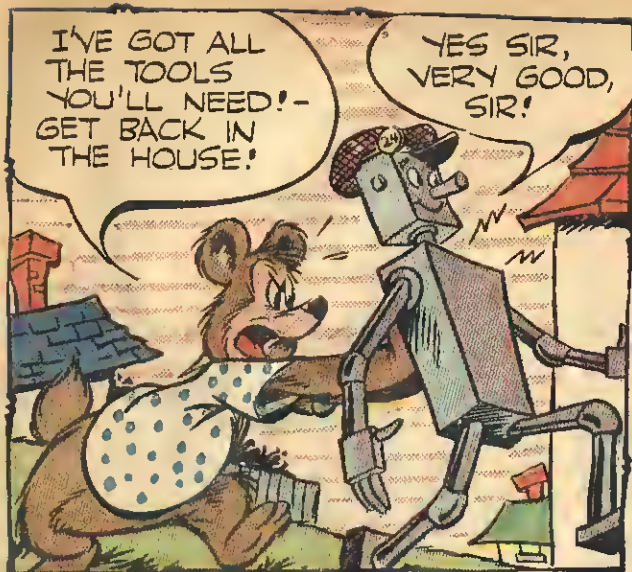
"You forgot I could whistle like a bird!" he cried triumphantly. Then remembering the eggs that had been stolen, Wammie began to thrash Wally so that his screams could be heard throughout the forest!

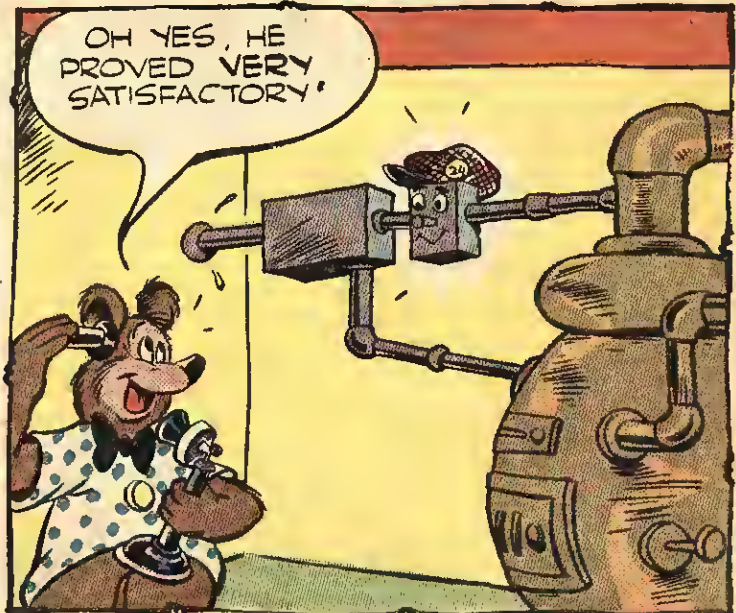
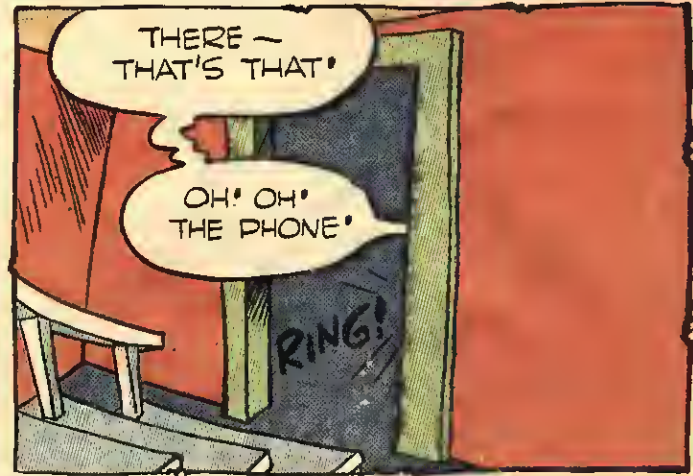
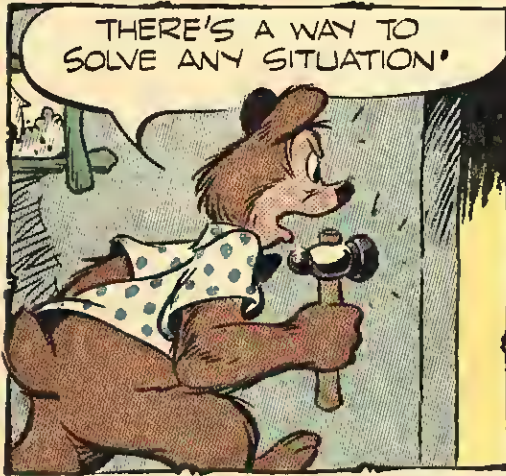
"Enough! Enough!" yelled Wally. "I won't steal any more eggs! I promise! Only please stop—you're killing me!"

Wammie let him go, and Wally dashed away. For weeks afterward, the birds sang in praise of Wammie Woodchuck—because from that day on, not another egg was ever stolen by Wally Weasel!









TAKE YOUR PICK!



CRIME
DETECTION

FOUNTAIN PEN

MECHANICAL
PENCIL

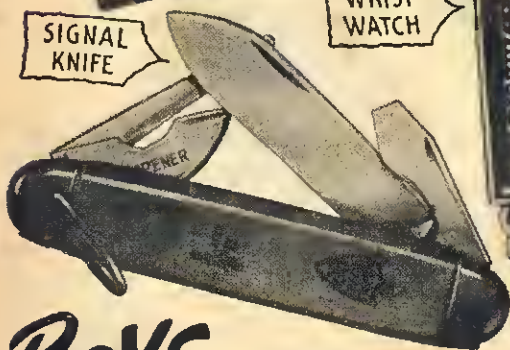
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